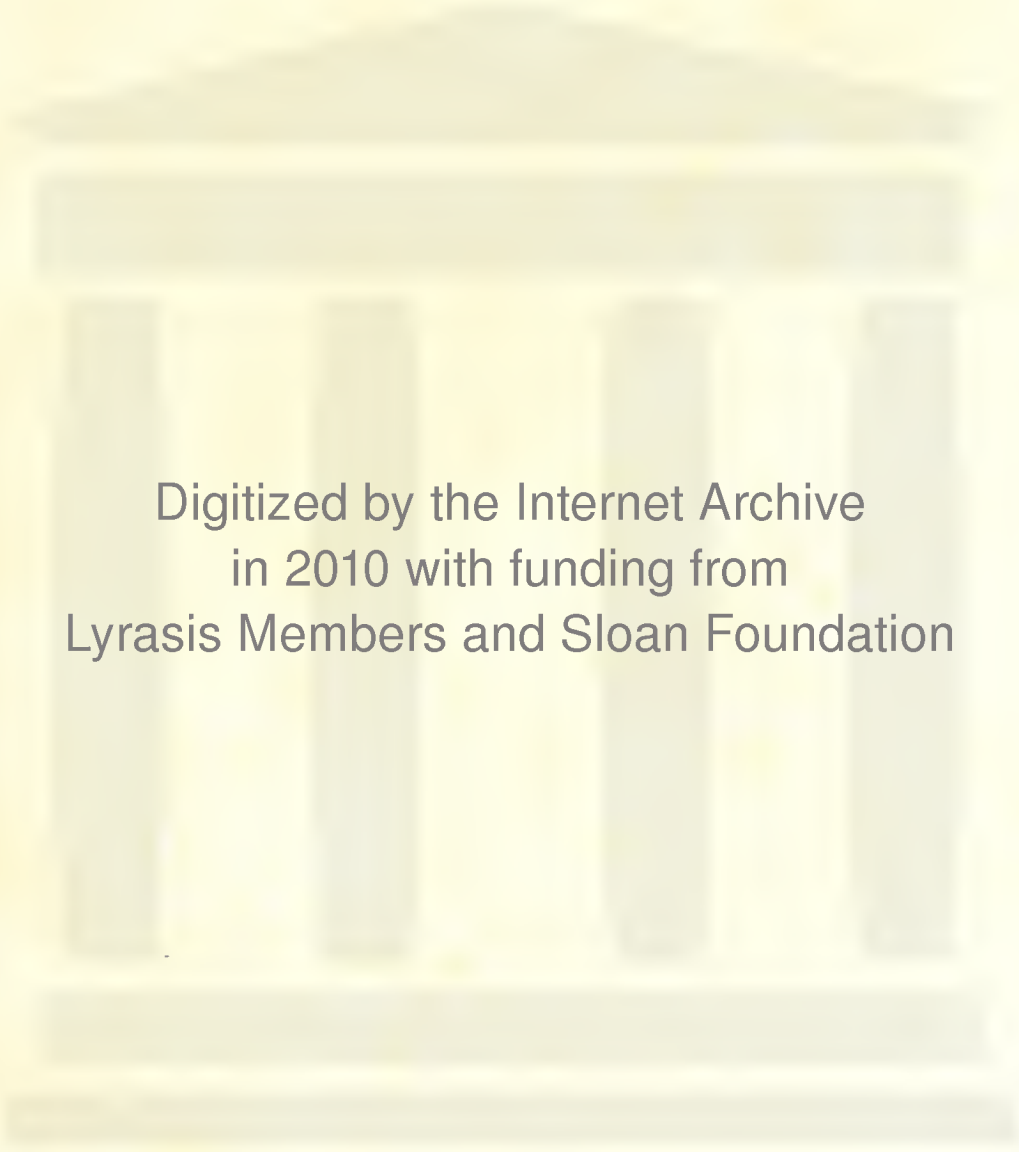
CHILHOWEAN
1913



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THE CHILHOWEAN

EDITED BY
The SENIOR CLASS

MARYVILLE COLLEGE

MARYVILLE TENN.

Vol. VIII 1913 No. 1.

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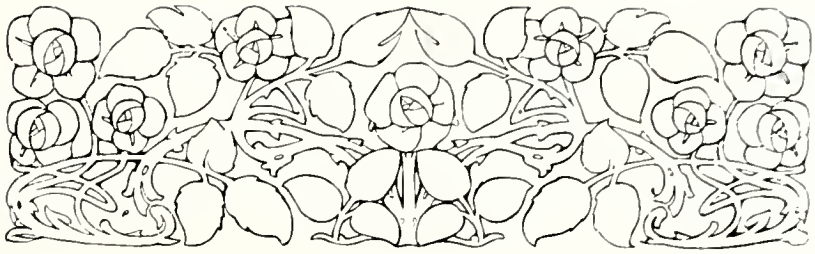
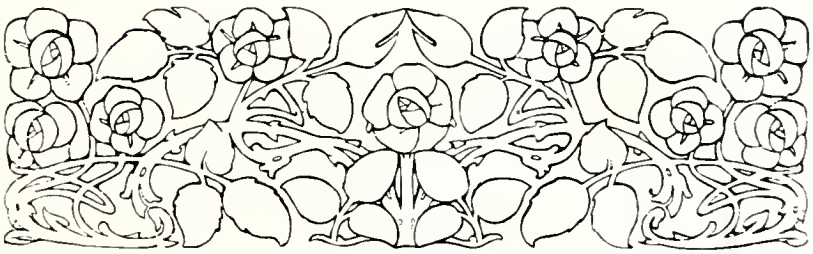


FOREWORD

Oh ye untried, who would at hoodoos sneer,
To woeful tale but lend a list'ning ear,
Hear how the mystic spell of dire thirteen,
About our class did cast a grewsome sheen;
How, spite of blows uncounted, we prevailed,
That we might rally those who else had
failed;
That we, in sooth might warn posterity
'Gainst hoodoos, goblins, ghosts—
unhallowed three.



Graduaturi Dedicamus

This, the Eighth Volume of the Chilhowean, we gratefully dedicate to our faithful guide to ancient Rome, our staunch and well beloved friend,

Henry Jewell Bassett, M.A.

HENRY JEWELL BASSETT, M.A.

Henry Jewell Bassett was born in Catskill, N. Y., February 3rd, 1880. In 1885 his parents moved to Kansas, where he received his early education and graduated from the Moran High School. He took his B. A. degree from Maryville College, and afterward graduated from Princeton University, with Phi Beta Kappa honors. In 1905 he became Professor of Latin in Maryville College. In 1907 this institution conferred upon him the degree of M.A. Since then Professor Bassett has spent his summers in study and travel. He has taken summer courses at the Universities of Chicago, Michigan and Columbia. During the summer of 1912 he traveled in Europe, spending the greater part of his time in Italy in further preparation for his work.

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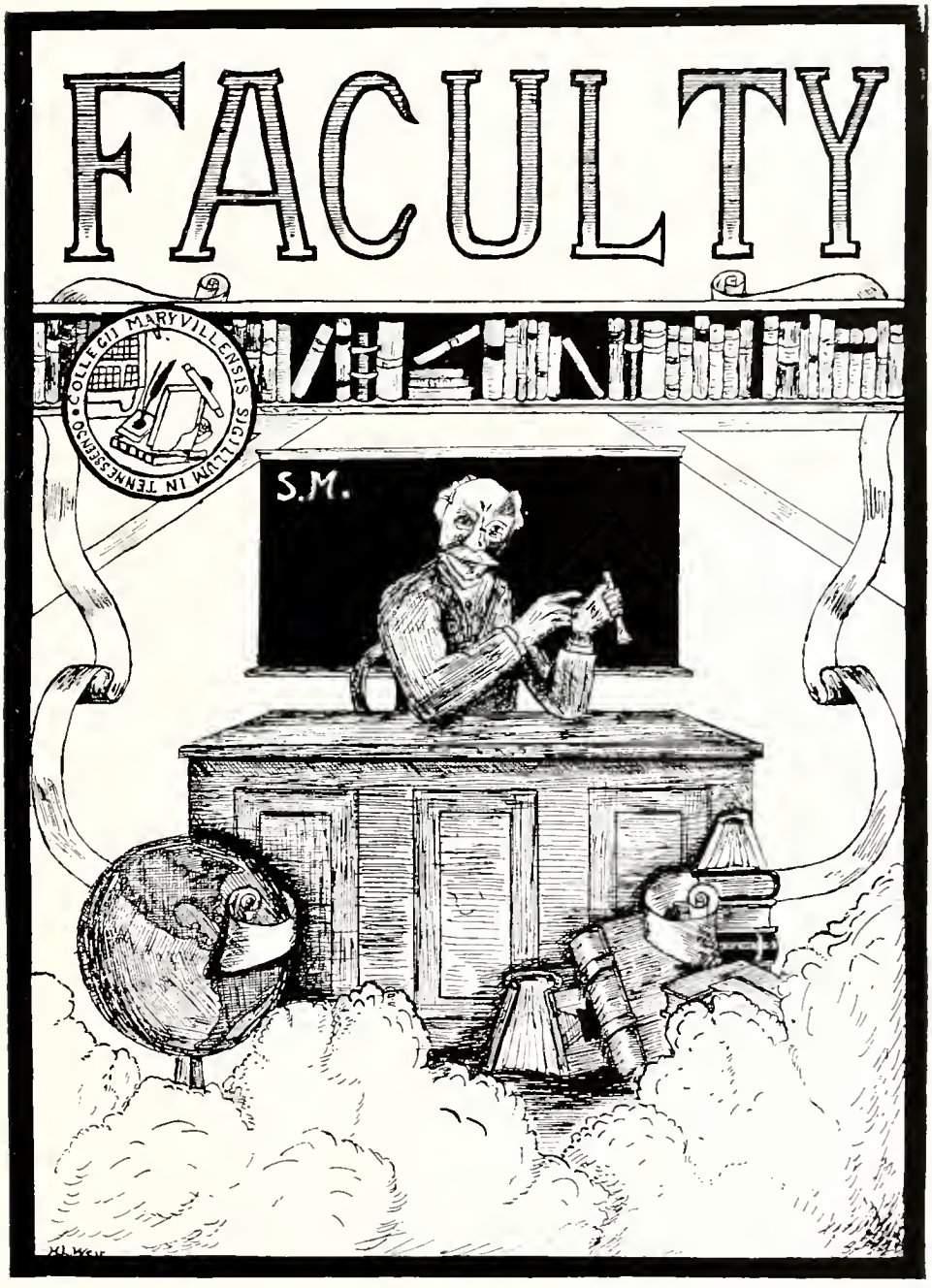
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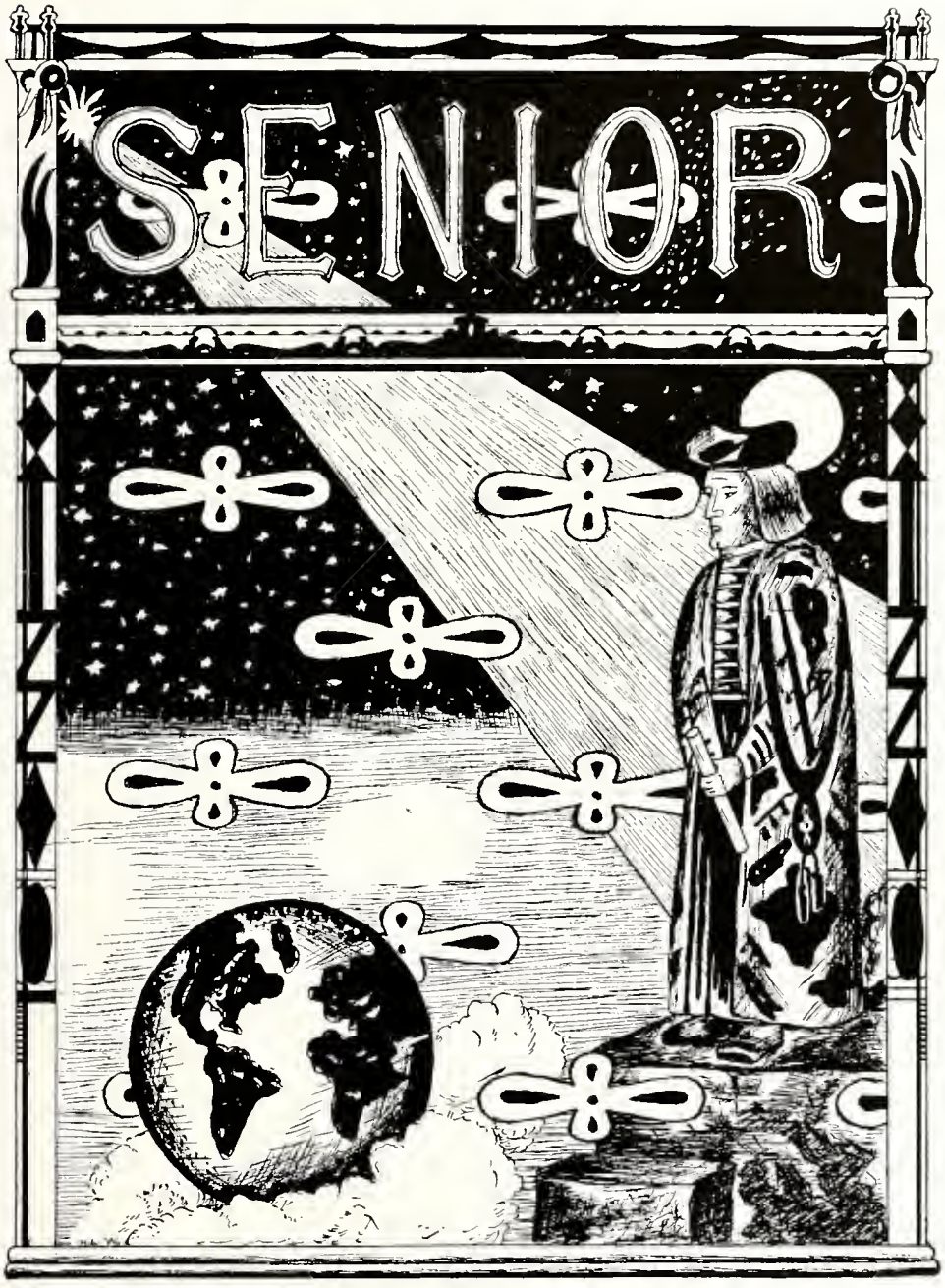
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COLORS: Crimson and Gray. FLOWER: Crimson Rambler.

MOTTO: Loyalty.

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YELLS.

1910

Rick! Rack! Rock! Roar!
Jabbercrack Boom!
Freshman! Freshman!
Give us room!
Rah! Si! Ki! Yi!
Top-notch still!
Freshman! Freshman!
Maryville!

1911

Chee wah! chee wah! chee wah way!
Thirteen rahs for Crimson—Gray!
This our motto—"Loyalty!"
Sophomore! Sophomore! Chee wah wee!

1912

Logic, Chem, Astronomy
Gumption, Brains, Economy!
Spite of all the knocks we get,
Juniors, Juniors, Comets yet!

1913

A Hoodo! A Hoodoo! A Hoodoo-doo
A ghost and a goblin! A goo-goo-goo!
A Senior! A Senior! A Senior scene!
A making a Hoodoo for old Thirteen!

Rubaiyat of Omy Hoodoo

ROBERT CARROLL CROSS

General; Athenian.

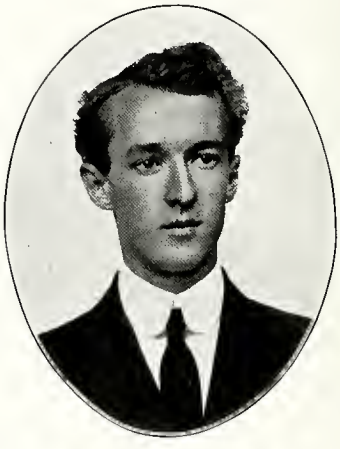
President Athenian, 1911; Winner Athenian Oratorical contest, 1911; Class Treasurer, 1911-12; Y. M. C. A. Editor, 1911-12; Class President, 1912-13.

Wake! For the Sheepskin
  Scatters into flight
The Stars before him
  of the Hoodoos bright,
Drives one along who vows
  this Deed to do,—
To change his disposition—
  be a Knight.

CHRISTINE ALEXANDER

Classical; Bainonian.

Each Morn a thousand verses wrote, you say;
Done, and a Book begun but Yesterday?
Gifted, and fair to look on as the Rose,
Well starred, our Genius wends her happy Way.



GEORGE HARLEY DOUGLAS

Psychology and Philosophy; Athenian.

Treasurer Athenian, 1911; Editor Athenian, 1911-12; President Athenian, 1912; President Ministerial Association, 1912-13; Leader S. V. B., 1912-13; Assistant Librarian, 1911-12, 1912-13; Assistant in Psychology, 1913; Class Secretary and Treasurer, 1912-13; Class Orator.

And as the Bell rang, one who stood before
The Chapel shouted, "Open then the Door!
What little matters Dogma, Law, or Creed?
One thing I ask—To Lead forevermore."

ETHEL FANSON

Ancient Languages; Bainonian.

Winner in Co-ed Essay Contest, 1910; Class Editor, 1911; Associate Editor Chilhowean, 1912-13; Class Orator.

A Book of Latin underneath the Bough,
Unending Work, a Snatch of Food—and thou
Beside me sleeping,—to whom Sleep were given—
O endless Task were Paradise enow!

VOLTA FRANCIS GODDARD

Mathematics; Athenian

President Athenian, 1912-13; Assistant Business Manager Chilhowean, 1912-13.

Some for the Glories of Moonshine; and some
Sigh for the Bachelor's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
I'll be a sport—give me red ties and gum.

ALBERT HAYNES

Mathematics; Alpha Sigma.

President Alpa Sigma, 1912-13.

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
Have graced the class of '13, but of all
The strangest, he who, when the rest held forth,
Listened indeed, but never talked at all.

GRACE DAY JEWELL

Classical; Bainonian.

Secretary Bainonian, 1909-10; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1910-11, 1911-12; Member Monthly Staff, 1910-11; Class President, 1910-11; Editor-in-Chief Chilhowean, 1912-13.

Look to this Hoodoo-haunted maiden, lo,
E'en thee Fate summons to a World of Woe;
Yet once th' eternal Dummy off thy hands,
Smile! And Defiance to the Hoodoo throw.

ELIZABETH DALE JOHNSON

General; Bainonian.

Secretary Bainonian, 1911-12; Vice President College Y. 1911-12; President Bainonian, 1912-13.

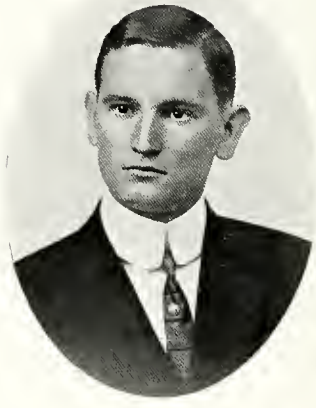
The Worldly Hope Girls set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—For I learned to cook; anon
Men's Hearts seemed won by my good Things to eat;
Yet Moonshine, foul Deceiver, now is gone.

LLOYD HELVETIUS LANGSTON

General; Athenian.

Instructor in Bookkeeping, 1912-13.

And this young rolling stone whose brilliant sheen
Appears but once and never more is seen—
Ah, block his headlong course e'er he is gone.
He'll ne'er "stay put"; on travel he's too keen.



HATTIE BELLE LESTER

General; Bainonian.

Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1910-11-12-13; Class Vice President, 1911-12; Second Basketball Team, 1911-12; Assistant in physiology, 1911-12-13; Exchange Editor Monthly, 1912-13; Class Poet, 1912-13.

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
Today of all Mistakes—Old Age for Tears!
Tomorrow would that I might married be!
Today are Matrons and a thousand Fears.

WILLIAM ELDER MOORE

Classical; Athenian.

Treasurer Athenian, 1909-10; Editor Y. M. C. A., 1910-11; President Athenian, 1911-12; Vice President Y. M. C. A., 1911-12; Associate Editor Editor Chilhowean, 1912-13.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Hole descend;
And lose our cherished Annual in the Mire.
Sans Pen, sans Book, sans Money and sans End.

ELLA McCAMPBELL

General; Bainonian.

President Bainonian, 1912-13.

Myself, when young, did eagerly frequent
Class-room and Hall and heard great Argument;
But, Best of All, the dear Thirteens came once
And, feasting in my Home, a Day well spent.

RALPH McCONNELL

Classical; Athenian.

Secretary Athenian, 1910-11; Class Editor, 1912-13.

Into this dingy Town one Night I sped
And with mine own Hand wrought to paint it red.
And this was all the Gratitude I reaped—
Dean Waller stood me softly on my Head.

RUTH CULVER NEWELL

English Literature and History; Bainonian.

Captain Seond Basketball Team, 1910-11; Varsity Basketball, 1911-12-13.

Perplext no more with French or Spanish line,
All Cares and Troubles to the Winds resign.
And sweetly lost in the entangling Webb,
Thy Cypress-slender Worshipper entwine.

REVA FERN NEWMAN

General; Bainonian.

President Adelphic Union, 1911-12; Treasurer Ba nonian, 1912-13.

"Thou shalt" and "shalt not" may a while confine,
But that, forever would make Angels pine.
Nay, I a Campaign Manager would be,
And to all Hoodoos, Offices assign.

MAY NUCHOLS

Ancient Languages; Bainonian.

C'ass Vice President, 1912-13; Bainonian Vice President, 1912-13.

"Well," murmur'd one of steady Nerve and Eye,
"My Brain, with much Exertion, is gone dry,
But rest me from these old familiar Books—
Methinks I'll make a Doctor by and by."

RALPH WALDO OWENS

Classical; Athenian.

Manager Second Football Team, 1910-11; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 1910-11-12; Captain Second Football Team, 1911-12; President Athletic Association, 1911-12; Varsity Football, 1912-13; Assistant Manager Lyceum Course, 1912-13; Business Manager Chilhowean, 1912-13.

So while the Hoodos one by one were screeching,
The Moon looked in for which they all were reaching:
And when he spied this Sport, cried, "Brother! Brother!
When you have Moonshine master'd, go a-preaching."

NELLIE COWAN PICKENS

General; Bainonian.

Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1910-11; President College Y, 1911-12; Vice President Y. W. C. A., 1911-12; President Y. W. C. A., 1912-13.

Up from thick Darkness, thru the Closet Door,
She came—to haunt the Matron evermore.
Full many a Rogue before Miss Mollie's throne
Had knelt; but ne'er such naughty Rogue before.

MIRIAM ANNA ROOD

Ancient Languages; Bainonian.

Varsity Basketball, 1909-10-11-12-13; Treasurer Y. W. C. A., 1910-11; Manager Varsity Basketball, 1911-12; Vice President Adelphic Union, 1911-12; President Bainonian, 1911-12; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1912-13; Athletic Board of Control, 1912-13.

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my Credit in this World much wrong;
"Myself" has Hoodooed me at every turn.
"Oh, to be Nothing," hence, shall be my Song.

MARCIA SECOR

General; Bainonian.

Class President, 1911-12; Y. W. C. A. Treasurer, 1911-12; Y. W. C. A. Vice President, 1912-13.

But I, indeed, all smiling evermore
Forswore—But had I breakfasted before?
And then and then came one with hideous Grin,
My thread-bare Smilelessness apieces tore.

BEAULAH MAY SWANNER

General; Theta Epsilon.

Editor Y. W. C. A., 1911-12; Secretary Theta Epsilon, 1912-13; Secretary Y. W. C. A., 1912-13; President Theta Epsilon, 1912-13.

Ah, that she too should vanish with the Class!
That her sweet-scented Helpfulness should pass
Amidst a World of Conflicts, where her Smile
Shall win its Way, but not cheer us, Alas!

HELEN CASSILLY SILSBY

General; Bainonian.

Class Vice President, 1909-10; Secretary Bainonian, 1909-10; Secretary and Treasurer Student Volunteer Band, 1909-10, 1912-13; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1909-10-11-12-13; Vice President Bainonian, 1911-12.

And much as Fate has played the Infidel
And robb'd me of my lawful Birthright—Well,
I wonder often how this World would seem
Without Old Maids and envious rising Bell.

HOWARD LAURIE WEIR

General; Athenian.

Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 1911-12; Art Editor Chilhowean, 1912-13.

Yon rising Moon that looks for thee again.
How oft She's heard thee joke in humorous vein;
How oft hereafter shall she smile at thee.
O'er Finance struggling with bemuddled brain!

OLIVE MORE WILSON

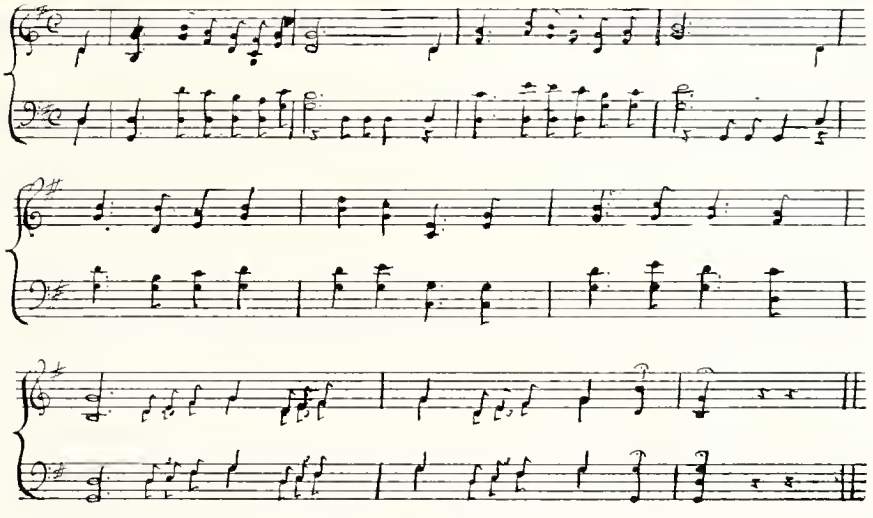
General; Theta Epsilon.

Secretary Theta Epsilon, 1909-10; Captain Second Basketball Team, 1909-10, 1912-13; President Theta Epsilon, 1912-13.

Whether at Sunday-school or Basketball,
Whether with classmates or with Brother small,
To each, I by a different name was known.
The last always most odious of all.

"The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall move it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it."

Some More of Ye Senior 'Do's.

Senior Quartet

CLASS SONG.

O, who amidst the thickest fray,
'Gainst every odd hath fought her way,
In honor of the Crimson Gray
At old M. C. today?
The Class Thirteen, the Class Thirteen,
Hoodoo Thirteen, Hoodoo!

Each heart with fellow-feeling glows;
This rarest gift each one bestows
In honor of the crimson rose,
The rarest flower that blows,
For Nine Thirteen, for Nine Thirteen,
For old Thirteen, Hoodoo!

O, who goes forth to play the game,
For old Thirteen to win a name,
Staunch "Loyalty" her constant aim,
Her honor to proclaim?
For old Thirteen, dear old Thirteen,
Hoodoo Thirteen, we do.

Senior
Joys

Class Poem

To you, who after earnest eager days
Of training, now at length approach the time
When you must leave these but symbolic games
For places in the earth's great master-tasks,—
To you, my clasmates, be this parting word.

Before thee now, O Senior, lies the world—
In all its untried vastness. And to thee
Its dim and distant futures seem to rise
Like far-off sun-touched mountains, half obscured
By morning mist. But as within thee comes
The eager thought to gain their lofty heights,
Know that no guide can point an easy path,
No way thou choosest will be wholly fair
Or flowery for thine onward-pressing feet.
Thou may'st by struggle only, win thy place.
Thou can'st alone maintain it with thy life.

Yet knowing this,—go—throw thyself into
This vivid, virile world with all thy power,
Boldly explore its ways, search out its paths,
And try thy strength'gainst all opposing odds.
It nothing hides but that thy mind may seek,
Or holds that may not bend before thy will.

But whether at the last thy course shall lead
To glory-gilded heights of fame, or if
In lower paths thou toil, remember this
That thou alone can'st wholly nobly live,
If in the heat and dust of valiant climb,
Thou hold within to guide, still pure, the great
And quiet things of thy true self and God.

The Hoodoos' Mascot

When I 'uz ist a little boy
The Firteens 'd always come'
T' git my picthur took 'with theirs
An nat was lots uv fun.

I had th' class a party wunst,
I ask'd 'em ever one,
We had red candles on th' cake—
An nall th' boys 'ud run

'N jump at me like everything
It made me yell uz loud.
We had ice-cream 'n animals
T' give th' Firteen crowd.

When I git big uz Daddy
'N go t' College too,
I hope I'll have a class uz nice
Uz zose ol' Firteens do.

The Thirteeniad

Once of an Indian Summer, borne on the Comet of Halley,
Came an illustrious throng, seeking the fountain of knowledge.
List to the tale of their wand'rings, of how they with knocking were polished.

Book I.

Scarcely their primal rag image, created, was hung out of Baldwin,
When by a vigorous hand, 'twas carried away as a plaything;
Scarcely, the first class feast, lasting too long, clos'd in darkness,
When a clear voice in the doorway called from the closet six couples.
Kindled their spirits within them, and merrily march'd they to battle;
Triumphant returned from debate, as victor came home from the ball-game,
A banner the spoils of the war; the climax a laugh on the 'Sophies',
When from two husky black brethren sounded the yell of the 'Siphmores'.

Book II.

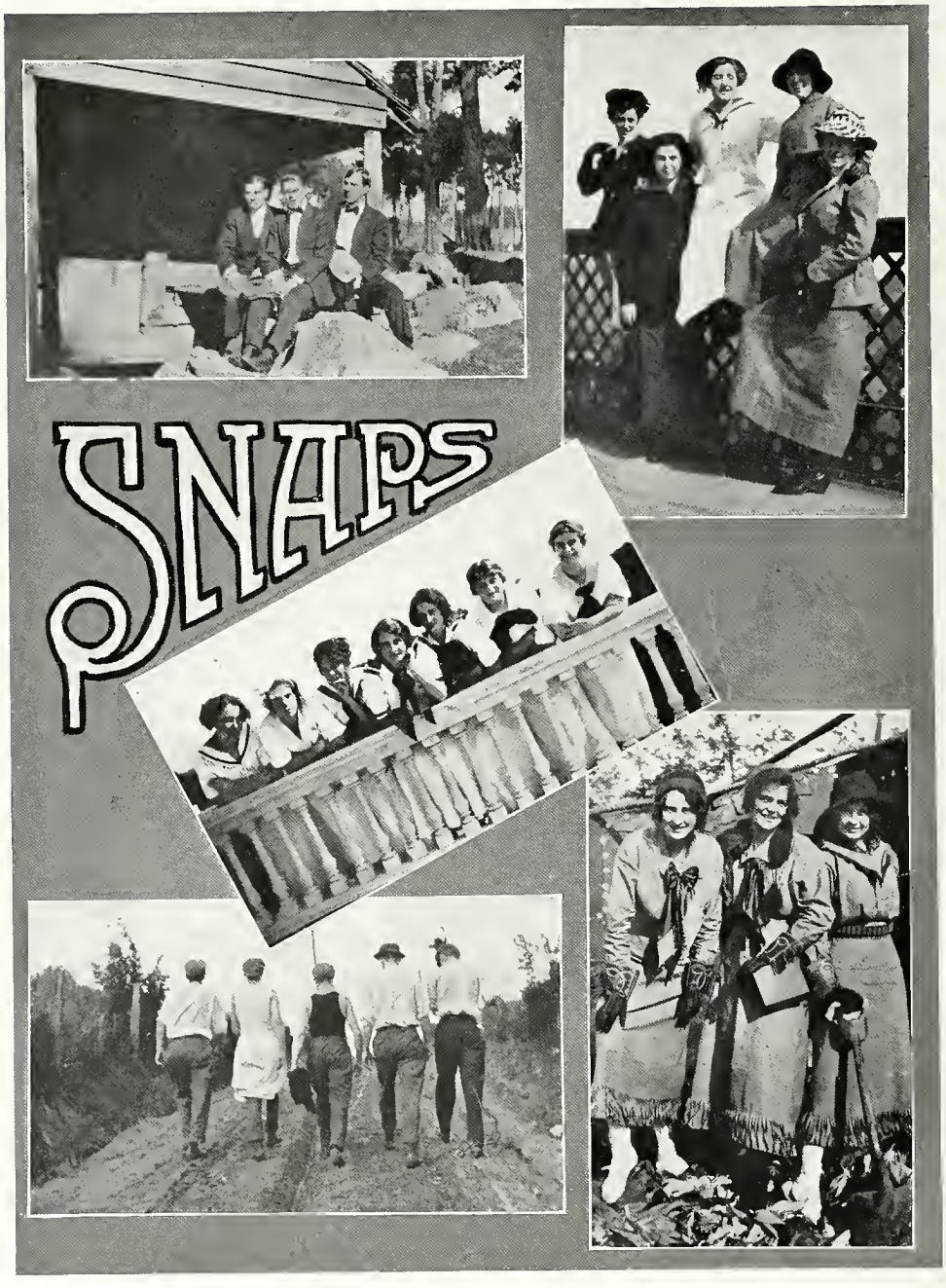
When they the Autumn return'd, appear'd a new foe in their pathway.
Hoodoo, revengeful and cruel, robbed them of many a classmate.
Ready they stood for each blow, hurled by the subtile offender;
Ever stood ready to fight, to win for the crimson rose, honor.
At last, in the Spring, the Thirteens came from a skirmish victorious,
Gained they a banner from Pearsons; hung there at night by the Fourteens.

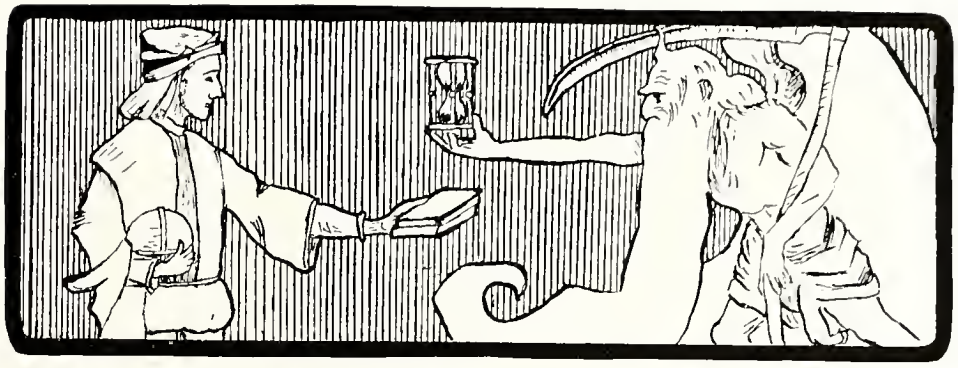
Book III.

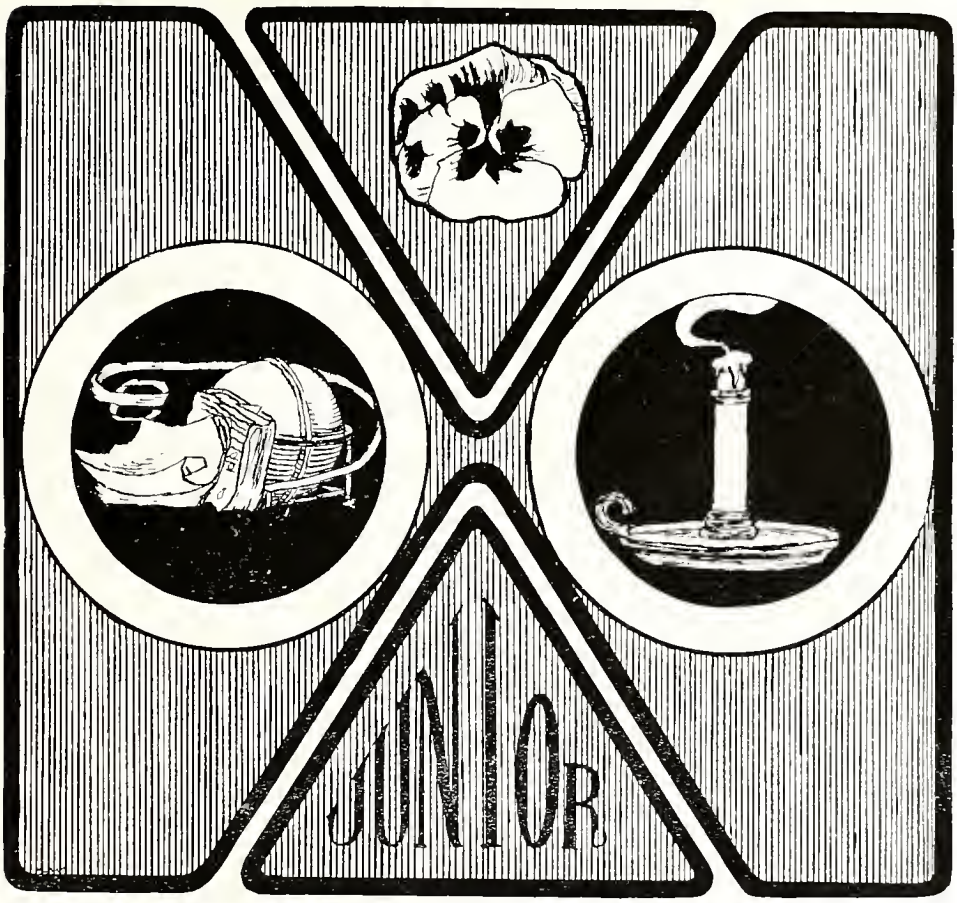
With resolute purpose and nerve, still waged they their war on the Hoodoo,
Yet ever the issue he dodg'd, lurk'd always near in the darkness;
Blithely they work'd and they play'd, won high esteem in their classes,
Living with might and main, each day growing closer together.

Book IV.

Now with ranks thinner by four, a last time the Hoodoo they challeng'd
Straightway two students he smote, demanded of each his appendix,
Hounded the doom'd Annual Board, smash'd them well nigh into splinters,
Claim'd further one from the class. Then sounded the slogan of battle,
Swift through the darkness they rush'd, the Thirteens pursuing the Hoodoo;
Day after day they strove, most often deceiv'd and eluded;
Till he at last was ensnared, slain by the side of the Dummy.
Then to their tasks they return'd, to jubilant planning and doing,
On to Commencement victorious, unshadowed by curse of the Hoodoo.
Never again did Thirteen stand for aught but the utmost good-fortune.


SNAPS




JUNIOR

MOTTO: "Reperiemus viam aut faciemus."

COLORS: Orange and Black.

FLOWER: Pansy.

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JAMES GAMBLE . . . . . Vice President
VICTOR DETTY . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer
A. GARLAND HINKLE . . . . . Editor

YELL.

Rack-e-ty-cax, Co-ax, co-ax!
Rack-e-ty-cax, Co-ax, co-ax!
Who are, who are,
Who are we,
Nineteen-fourteen,
Don't you see?

ETA

3 Cents

The Junior Daily Chronicle

The Only Metropolitan Newspaper of Juniordom

4 o'clock Edition

Vol. XIV. Maryville, Tenn., Friday Evening, January 31, 1913. No. 23.

MARVELOUS TRIPLE ECLIPSE!!

ACADEMIC CONSTELLATIONS IN SUCH POSITION THAT JUNIOR PLANET SIMULTANEOUSLY ECLIPSES OTHER THREE.

Eclipse Almost total During Year 1913. A Result of Great Physical, Mental, and Moral Strength.

The luminous Juniors obscure the other three bodies in all important phases of college life. In the Athletic World they stand out in prominence. Every team except one boasts of a Junior, either as its Captain or Manager. Besides being leaders of the different teams, three of their number are members of the Athletic Board of Control.

But we have not finished when we tell of their athletic glory. In the literary world they shine. Two of the most important officers, the Editor-in-Chief and the Business manager, of the College Monthly are numbered among the Juniors. In the different literary societies and in the Inter-Collegiate Triangle the Juniors are active workers.

Among the religious organizations the Juniors are found at work. Five Juniors are members of the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet.

The Class of 1914 challenges comparison with any class in any of these phases of college activity.

oo

THE JUNIOR BANNER.

I.

Where the dark cedars in majesty cluster,
Where the pine needles make springy the turf.—
There floats our banner with pride in its lustre,
Orange and Black, the true emblem of worth.

II.

Stalwart its sons and courageous its daughters,
Sure in their station of honor and right,
Striving with earnest and certain endeavor
After the gleam, to attain to the light.

III.

Orange and Black wave above us forever!
Never a stain shall befoul thee with shame,
Under thy folds we will gather, and ever
Honor thy virtue and guard thy fair name.

KIDNAPPING! MAN WANTED! BIG REWARD!

Special to the Chronicle.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 29.—Sheriff E. R. Hunter of Cooke County, Ill., is offering $10,000 reward for one dark complected man wearing rather large shoes and sporty suit, known here by the name of Seel, charged with kidnapping one little girl from his care rather rudely between Thanksgiving and Jan. 1, 1913. All information gladly received.

oo

COURT NEWS

CRIMINAL DOCKET.

Victor Detty was arraigned before Judge Rutledge to-day for assault and battery yesterday while eating dinner at the same restaurant with D. F. Gaston, the latter accused Detty of moonshining. Hot words followed and Detty struck

(Continued on page ten)

CIVIL DOCKET.

Miller vs. Stephens.

Suing to regain control of the land of Bogs.

oo

PEOPLE! LISTEN!

No More Sickness! One of your fellow-townsmen's own experience.

He writes as follows:—I began to suffer from lonesomeness, heartache, and other diseases during my first year in college. I became so morbid and pessimistic and unhappy that all life seemed a failure. I was in a terrible condition and my heart stopped two or three times. Your wonderful medicine, "Moonshine," has cured me. All my symptoms of lonesomeness and heartache are gone, and I am now a happy man. I heartily recommend it to all my fellow citizens.

J. K. Stewart.
Wilmingston, Del.

EDITORIAL.

Scarcely two centuries ago a skilfull dealer in pentameter couplets, a man of frail body and massive mind, set for himself the task of writing an "Essay on Man." The two centuries since that time have taught us no new philosophy of man and we must brave the charge of presumptuousness as we attempt a twentieth century "Essay on Man." In order that the ladies may feel no slight we proffer the somewhat trite assurance that man always embraces woman, and so with this word of preface we proceed.

Man is a mystery. We are confident in stating that fact because a mystery is something rarely understood and so is man. The less also we know about most mysteries and most men the more we like them, and just as the solution to most mysteries is ridiculously simple so most men are simply ridiculous.

Man may for the sake of inspection be divided into three parts, appetite, feet, and disposition. We are not basing our first division on any such hackneyed theory as that, "The road to a man's heart is through his stomach?" but rather on the fact that appetite is a grand motive force in man's life, which three times daily, day after day forces him to its bidding.

The greater part of most men is feet. The strange thing about this is that a man's pride in these rather needful possessions varies inversely as their extent increases. The bashful man's feet are only exceeded in size by those of the man who finds his corns being trampled on in a crowd, but be this as it may the poet holds out consolation to the man with big feet when he tells us that our future glory is to be measured by

"Footprints on the sands of time."

A man's disposition is best known to his cat. Follow the smirking, bowing, society beau home from the ball and see his faithful cat seek the fastness of the cellar as his latch-key grates in the keyhole and you have a clear index into what he is. Man's disposition is what he disposes to be to his cat or to the world. One man has opportunity and slights it, another has talent and eludes it. Another might help his neighbor but disposes rather to even scorn to recognize him on the street corner, but as truly as for life man disposes, just as truly the Divine Maker of man disposes for eternity.

As we said a moment ago, man is a mystery. Someone aptly says, "Every cradle asks us whence, every grave asks us whither." What man lives for, what the soul of man is,—what and why and whither —all are questions to awe us into silence; all are questions to inspire us with wonder. Every day we see men succeed and every day we see them fail and although we ask why and wherefore, we can only surely know that through it all as—

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns."

———oo———

THE JUNIOR FLOWER.

O lovely pansy, modest flower thou
O tell why hidest thou thyself beneath
The cheerless leaves, the shrubs, or in the heath?
No one more blessed with trancing grace I trow.
Your colors blend so charmingly. I vow
I'd push myself from out the leaves beneath
And raise myself above the tangled heath,
Then cry, aloud, 'behold my beauty now!'
The haughty maiden with a pretty face
May from the pansy worthy lesson learn.
When she would proudly vaunt her charms and grace
O let her to the modest pansy turn.

———oo———

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Cupid seems to have been taking a vacation for the last few days as only a few couples have appeared for license.

Doc. Fyke applied for license but was so long in taking it out that she sued for a breach of promise. Meanwhile Doc. is in the air.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—A beautiful jewelled crown—cross attached to same. Return to L. L. C. and receive reward.

LOST STRAYED or STOLEN— The affections of three different girls since Xmas. J. Gamble.

LOST— His nerve.
A. R. McConnell.

FOUND—(By Miss Dillon)
A pin cusion for v. C. Detty to stick pins in.

LOST—Ingersoll Watch. initials E. M. R. —picture of pretty girl in the face. Return and receive liberal reward.

WANTED.

COUNTRY PRODUCE—All kinds of farm products bought and sold. Fresh "country lasses" a specialty.
Kirkpatrick, Rankin & Co.

WANTED— By Eve————Adam. Send by Parcel Post. Express too slow. Don't hesitate about price.

GIRLS WANTED—Only good cooks need apply. Calloway, Hinkle & Co.

WANTED—Some one to stand my examinations. J.H.

WANTED—By Coach Williams a magnet to attract the steely hearts of certain girls.

WANTED—Men to know that E. M Reeves will crease your trousers so they will stand alone.

WANTED—Some anti-bald lotion or hair restorer. R. S. Carson.

WANTED—Matrimony. J. Max Cowan Is not engaged but wiuld like to be. Call 17 Carnegie.

WANTED—You to patronize my laundry. Work guaranteed. W. H. Tilford.

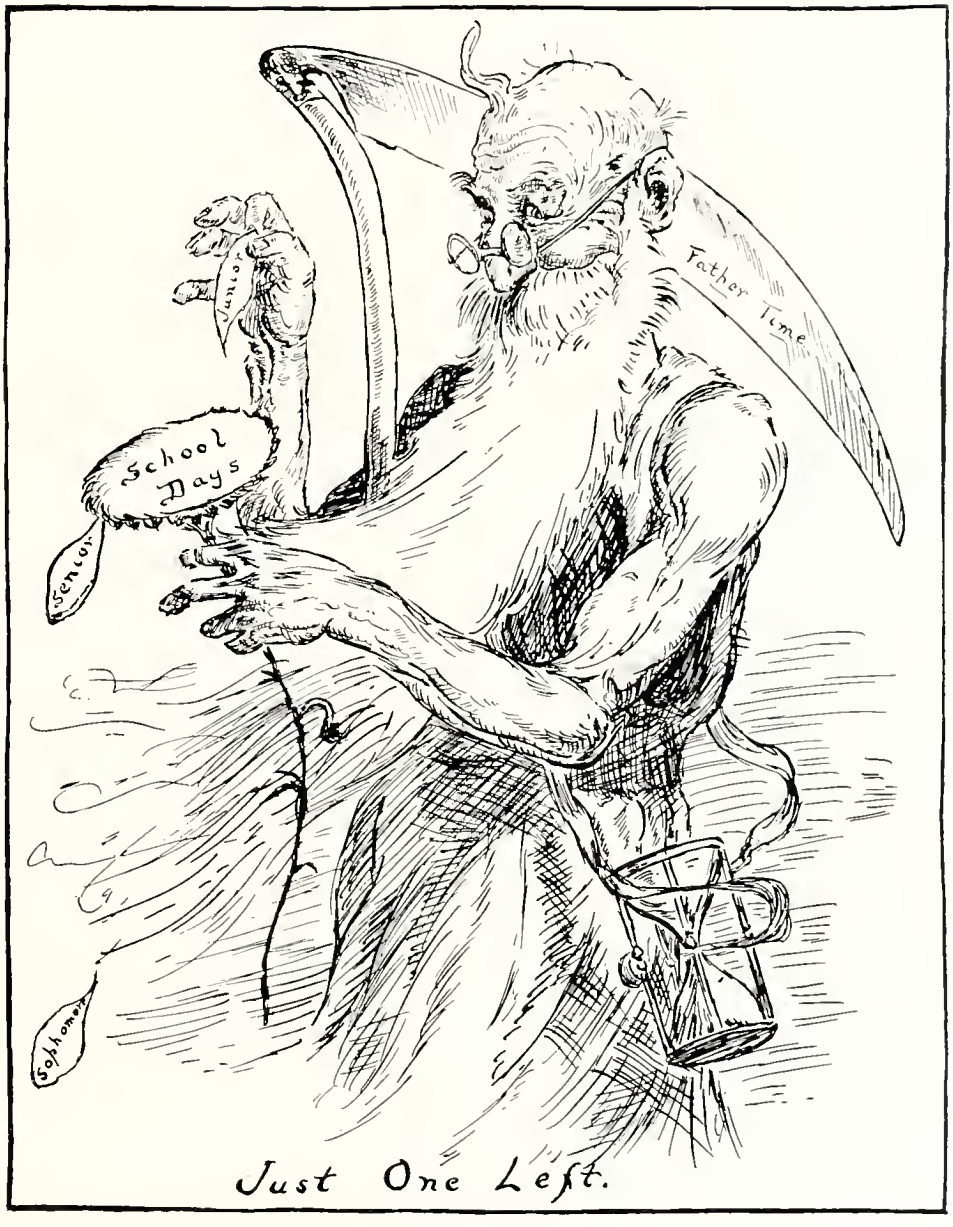
WANTED—Wives? If your wife has left you Edwin will Hunter.

WANTED—You to know that you are Cross. lazy, sluggish, or morbid. Stewart's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure you.

WANTED—To engage in business where Proffitt is assured. Rush answer to A. B. Waggoner. Call 68 Carnegie Hall.

REEVES—"I believe you would marry a fool if he would ask you."
Ellie—"Is this a proposal."

Dr. L. (patting Mr. Fyke on the back.) "That was very well done 'Little Man,' you may sit down now. If you always do as well, Mr. Fyke, I'm sure you'll be able to 'keep r· with Lizzie.'"



Just One Left.

Round About Mauch Chunk

SOPHOMORE

Maryville '15

Motto: "Ad extremum durabimus."

Colors: Garnet and white. Flower: Carnation

OFFICERS.

Howard Wilson . . . . . President
Annie Lee Cross . . . . . Vice President
Albert T. Murray . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer
Anne Crane . . . . . Editor

YELL.

Kiki, koax, koax, koax!
Sidi, didax, didax, didax!
Eureka, Eureka! Zis, boom, bah!
Sophomore, Sophomore! Rah, rah, rah!

Before —
"After"
FRESH
The Sophomore Roller
CLASS of 1915
Class Officers
"It's All Coming Our Way"
Taking Chemistry

Basket Ball Team
Sophomore Unique.
Maryville
'15
Maryville
'15
Maryville
'15

The Sophomore Prince

All Gangana was excited. Hermosa, the princess of the land, the only child of the king, had disappeared. One day at sunset she had walked alone from the palace, to enjoy the wintry evening, and had failed to return.

There lived in the kingdom a young nobleman named Clarad, notorious because of his rashness and his unscrupulousness. He had long been an ardent, but unfavored suitor for the hand of the princess. Now he could not be found, and it was generally believed that he was in some way connected with her disappearance. The most diligent search had failed to throw any light whatever upon the mystery.

Four days passed by. The king and queen were sad but hopeful. The king himself entered into the search; and on this morning, with a small band of followers, was riding on horseback near the seacoast. He was surprised when he came to a place where the shore dipped gently into the water and the sea ebbed upon the sands, to see there two strange looking young men. Their torn and water soaked clothes, and the large piece of driftwood that lay near the ocean's edge, at once revealed the fact that they had been cast ashore by the waves. One of these strangers was large in stature but unpleasant in appearance. His face was unattractive; his eyes too restless; his forehead too low, and his chin too weak. The other, though not so large, held his head high, and looked at those about him with frank and fearless eyes. King Lino gazed in wonderment at them and finally spoke:

"Strangers, whence come you? How came you to our shores? Can you speak our language? If so, speak and tell us who you are."

Finding that he could in the main understand the speech of the king, and seeing that his companion showed no sign of taking the initiative, the smaller of the two strangers answered. His face was pale and his voice weak from the hardships he had endured.

"We have been shipwrecked and have drifted to your shore," he said. "We come from America, from Maryville College. My companion here is Percy Long—Freshman: I am Fred Brooke—Sophomore. It so happened that during the Christmas

vacation, we took a short sea voyage on the same steamer. A storm arose; the ship was blown far out of her course and finally wrecked on a rocky headland. We two found ourselves together upon a floating timber, which was driven by the winds for many hours, until at last the storm ceased, the sky cleared and we were safely landed here. We have had a narrow escape. We almost died of the cold. What land are we in now?"

At this story the natives were greatly astonished. The king answered:

"You are now in the kingdom of Gangana. You speak to king Lino, who seeks for his daughter that is lost. Though I know not the land from which you say you come, yet all strangers are welcome at our court. Come with me."

Until now Brooke had noticed nothing unusual about the natives except their speech, which sounded like a crude imitation of his own. Now he saw that they were dressed to correspond to his impression of Mediaeval costumes. On the way to the city, Brooke questioned the King in a most courtly way. From the answers to his queries he concluded that he was in a land which had been settled by a band of shipwrecked Englishmen in about the Sixteenth Century. The country being inaccessible because of the jumble of islands about it, no one from the outside world had chanced upon it. Here was undisturbed Mediaeval life in the Twentieth Century.

At last the Americans arrived at the palace. The news spread like wildfire, and for a time the lost princess seemed almost forgotten in this new excitement. The strangers were given apartments in the quaint old castle, and after securing some needed food and sleep, felt as much at home as was possible under the circumstances.

Percy persistently stared at the strange surroundings with open mouth and bulging eyes, in a most Freshman-like way. By his clumsy simple manner he caused much amusement among the Mediaeval people. However, his Sophomore companion at once became a general favorite, and by his frankness, intelligence and good nature, won the friendship of all with whom he came in contact.

After two days, having heard the king and others talk of the strange disappearance of the princess, Brooke asked for permission to join in the search. He advanced the theory that Clarad now held Hermosa in some hiding place in the city. Although few agreed with him, yet he was given five soldiers and a guide, with permission to look how and where he pleased.

Fred asked Percy to join him in his search. But the Freshman, evidently pre-

ferring a safe and comfortable castle to a dangerous and strenuous search, declined, and so remained behind.

All day Brooke and his companions worked without results. About sundown, as the streets were growing dark, Fred and his guide came into a narrow street walled in by great, silent looking houses. The Ganganian said that these were the property of honorable citizens, and that it was unnecessary to search them. As the two men came near one large house, a sound like a human cry came to them. They stopped and, finding the door of the house nearest them, unlocked, entered. The interior bespoke total abandonment. From all appearances, the place might have been unvisited for years. There was no sign of human life about it. As they were preparing to leave, Fred opened an old cupboard, and at once noticed a current of air coming through the cracks in the bottom. He made an examination and found to his surprise that a door opened, and a stair led downward. He unsheathed the sword with which he had been provided and groped his way down through the dark, followed by his companion. After a short descent they came to a passage way which led to another flight of stairs. These descended to a second passage, in which at a distance could be seen daylight. They hastened toward it and found that it came from a cave, occupied at present by two women and a man. When they came near enough to distinguish the faces of those inside the cave, the Ganganian guide exclaimed, "The Princess Hermosa! Clarad!"

At the sound of his voice, those within started quickly to their feet, and saw the men approaching.

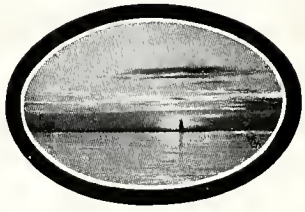
An account of what followed need not be given. Clarad and his companion were captured and duly punished, while Hermosa, almost exhausted from continued fright and dispair was restored to her parents. The woman who was found with her proved to be Clarad's mother, and through Hermosa's influence was given her freedom.

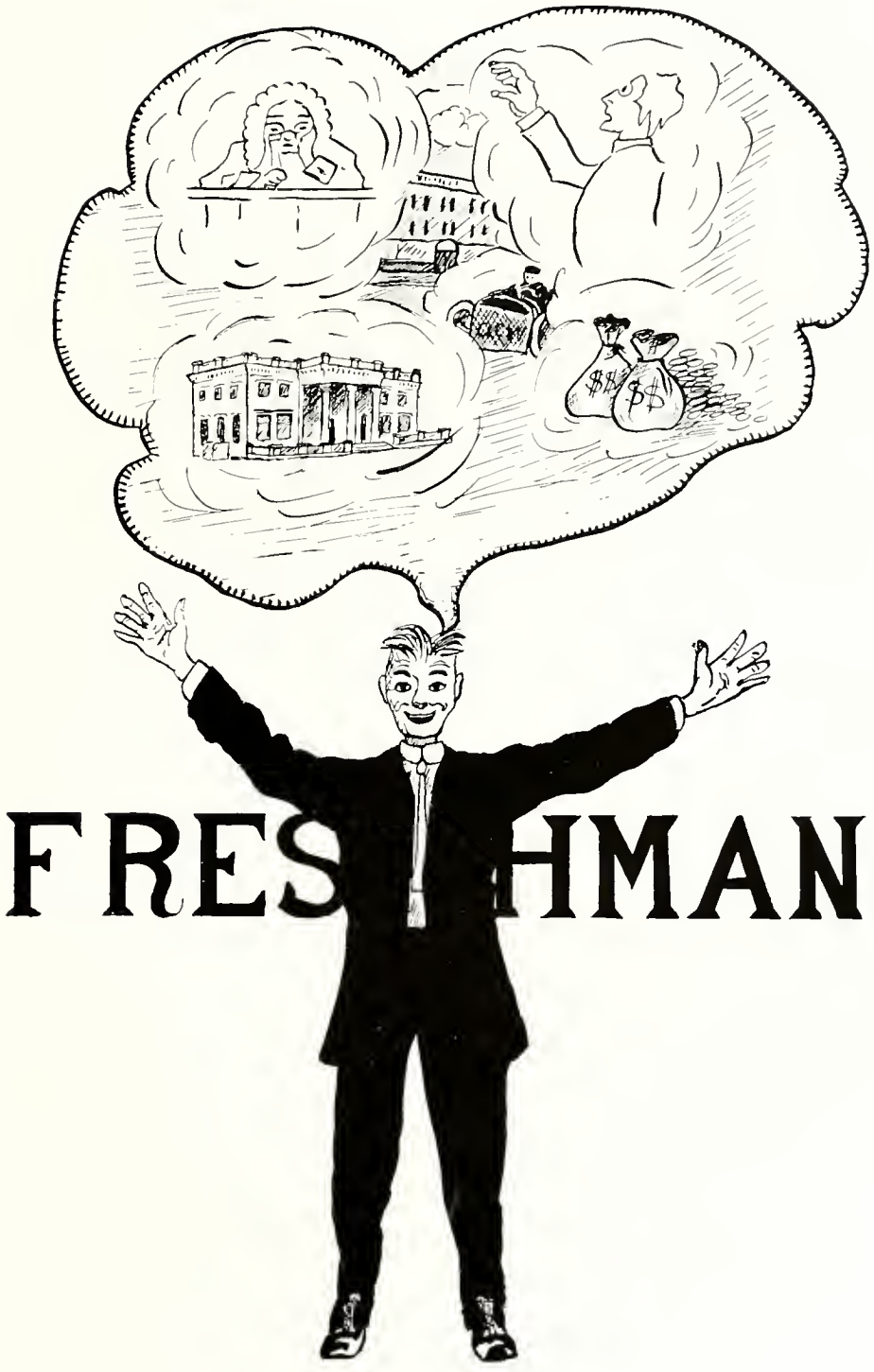
The news of the finding of the princess was given out into every part of the kingdom, and all Gangana rejoiced with their king and queen. Fred Brooke of the Class of Fifteen found himself a hero, with the favors of the court showered upon him. By no means least among these was the friendship of the beautiful and lovely Hermosa. Many were the hours they spent together, he telling of his America and Maryville; she telling of her native land and people. And then the court precedent was shattered, and Fred Brooke—Sophomore, became Prince Fred, the son-in-law of the king.

Oh! will temptation never cease to assail verdant innocent youth? Will susceptibility never remove itself from the green fields of Freshmandom? Percy Long—Freshman, wandered from the straight and narrow way. Oh, sad to tell! He stole from Prince Fred—Sophomore, a banner, an emblem of a knightly order, and therefore was exiled from the royal circles of Gangana.

In his ostracism he was lonely, in his ignorance and longing he was sad. Through closed windows he was forced to view from without the wedding feast.

At last in answer to repeated entreaties, after binding promises of faithful fidelity and service, Prince Fred, in his great generosity, took as a personal body servant, poor Freshman Percy; who now serves him and his princess, begrudgingly, but faithfully, and with a proper Freshman submission.




FRESHMAN

MOTTO: B2

COLORS: Gold and White. FLOWER: Daisy

OFFICERS.

FRANK F. HALE . . . . . President
EDNA DAWSON . . . . . Vice President
DAVID W. PROFFITT . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer
L. Z. ELLER . . . . . Editor

YELL.

Strychnine, quinine, powder and dust.
Where we are there is a fuss,
Skull and cross bones, we're a fright,
Brains and brawn for Gold and White.

19
MARYVILLE
16

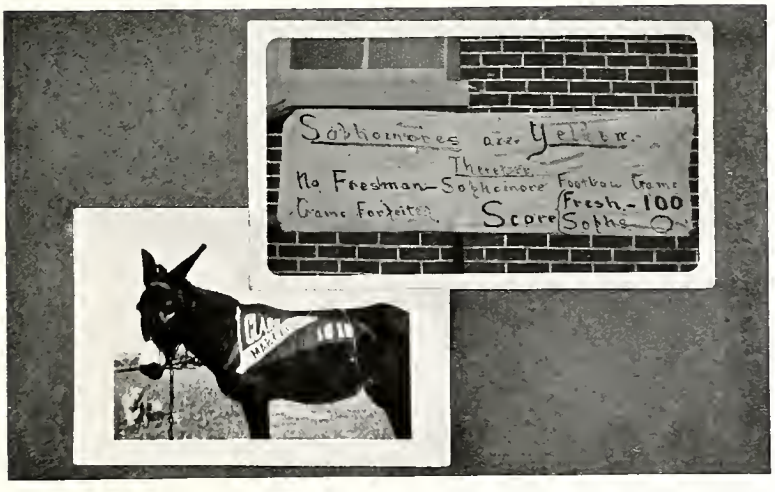
'16
CROSS COUNTRY

'16
19
MARYVIL

FRESHMAN BOY'S BASKETBALL TEAM

FRESHMAN GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

FRESHMAN DEBATORS



FRESHMAN KODAKS

Freshman

Here, in our Freshman year, we the Class of Nineteen-sixteen would tell our story.

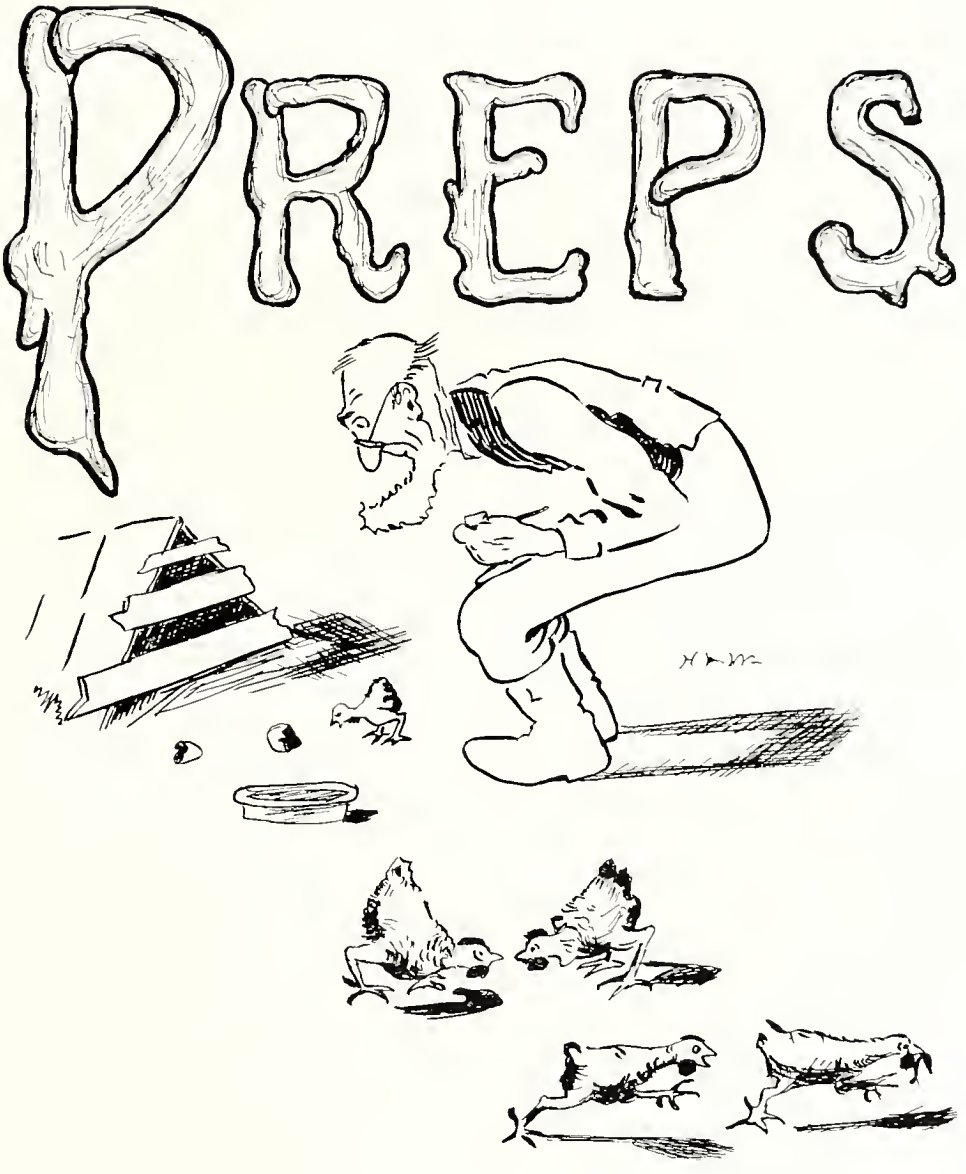
When the year began its course, we proudly heard Dr. Wilson say, "You are the largest Freshman Class in the history of the College." And when we gathered for our first class meeting it was evident that we were great in numbers. Soon the completed roll showed eighty members hailing from twenty-one states.

In class spirit and in loyalty we acknowledge no equals. Early in the collegiate year we began having feasts of plenty, chasing the Soph's, displaying banners, painting walls, and "borrowing" pennants for decorative purposes. Occasionally "moonshining" has been a part of our program and has contributed to our fun.

Again, in scholarship and in the various other activities of college life we have made an excellent showing. Members of the class have taken an active part in the literary societies, and the work done there is developing good material for literary contests and public speaking in the future.

In athletics the class has gained renown. But, through there was good material for a strong class football team, disapointment resulted from the fact that the Soph's refused to play. The Freshmen furnished four of the eleven members of the College track team, and these won half the total points in the Maryville-Tusculum Track Meet. Four of the Varsity basketball squad are Freshmen. Clearly the Freshman Class ranks above any other on the Hill in track work and in basketball, and the prospects for a good baseball team are promising.

May the Class of Nineteen-sixteen in work and play continue throughout its college course with the same success that marks its initial year.


PREPS

Fourth Year Preparatory

Motto: "On the top."

Colors: Green and White. Flower: Carnation

OFFICERS.

Carl Lloyd	President
Mary Clark	Vice President
Jean Carson	Secretary
Alice Wright	Editor

Having at last successfully run the gauntlet of prepdom, the Class of Seventeen has reached the top,—graduation from the 'prep department'—only to reach another wall—entrance to college. Our number does not properly signify our strength, for records bear evidence of a quality more than proportional to quantity. Our ambition has been to excel and we hope to see the same ambition realized even more fully, if possible, in the future than in the past.

Third Year Preparatory

Motto: "Wahrheit, Kenntnis, Ehre."

Colors: Blue and Gold. Flower: Violet.

OFFICERS.

W. B. Park	President
Lucile Badgett	Vice President
W. R. Mitchell	Secretary
Jay Lane	Treasurer

YELL.

Boom-a-lacka, Boom-a-lacka,
Chick-a-lacka, Chick-a-lacka,
Who are we, Who are we?
Third Preps, Third Preps, don't you see?

Second Year Preparatory

Motto: Live, Learn, Love. Colors: Purple and Gold.

OFFICERS.

Aubrey Williams	President
Millie Hunter	Vice President
Glenn Lloyd	Secretary and Treasurer
Pete Henry	Janitor

YELL.

Eighteen Ninteen, old M. C.
Nineteen Nineteen, sure are we.
Orange Garnet, Purple Gold,
Second Prep, Second Prep—best of all.

SOME OF THE "CUBS"—

Clyde Hunt	"Stag"
Glenn Lloyd	"Happy"
Ray Butler	"Butte"
Francis Fisher	"Plump"
Julian Birdsall	"Judy"
Cecil Cross	"Big Un"
Mary Goddard	"Tot"
John Adams	"Quincey"
Edgar Birdsall	"Punch"
Mille Hunter	"Twin"
Aubrey Williams	"Chicken"

We never let our studies interfere with our College Education.

"BUTT"
"DOC"
"FATTY"
"PUNCH"
"TWIN"
"JUDY"
19
19
M—C
"HAM"
"HAPPY"
"VANDY"

First Year Preparatory

Motto: No Surrender.

Colors: Garnet and Gray

Flower: Sweet Pea.

OFFICERS.

Charles Guigou . . . . . President
Cora Stevens . . . . . Vice President
Minnie Hunter . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer
William Bushong . . . . . Recording Secretary and Business Manager

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YELL.

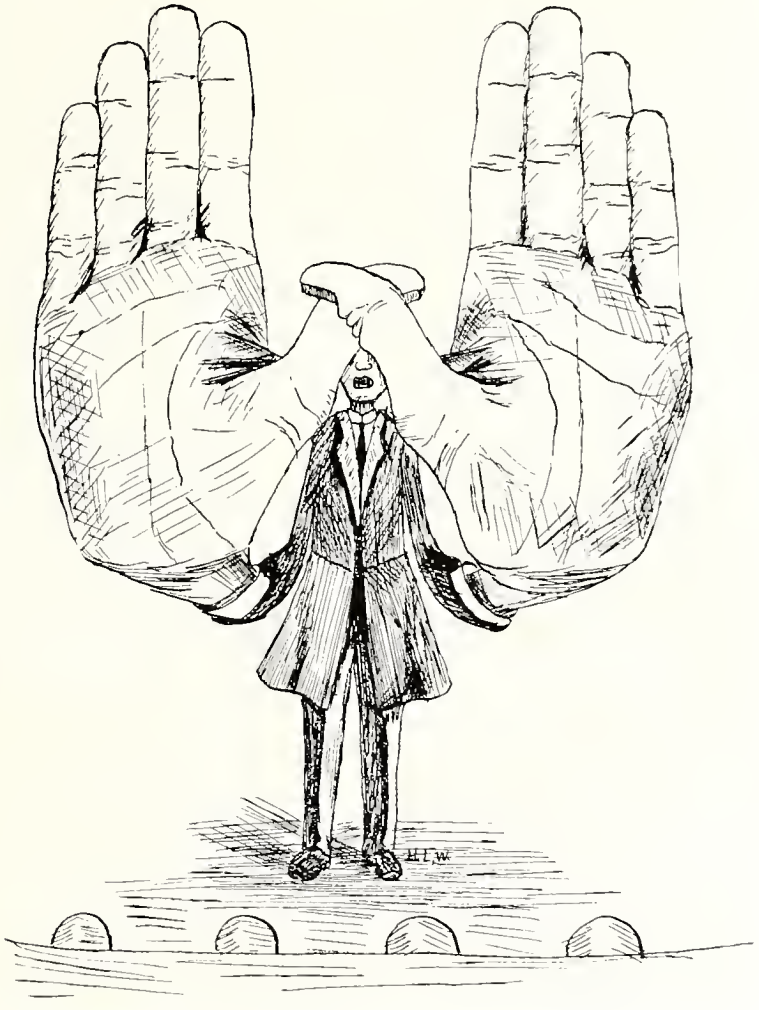
Hip Hip Hooray!
First Prep Hooray!
On thru Prepdom
The Garnet and Gray.

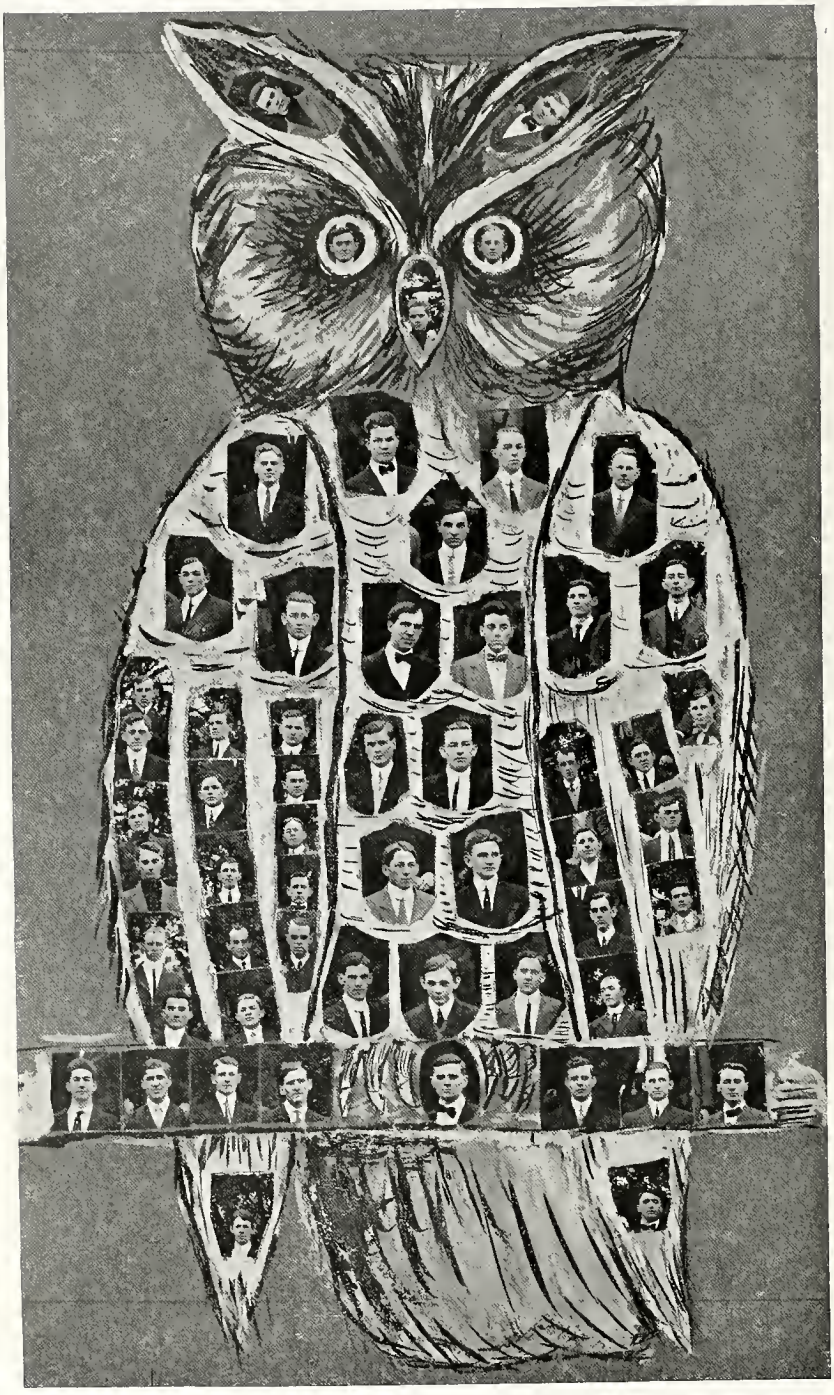
Mae Nichols
Ethel Fanson
Nellie Pickens
Martha Jackson
Graduates in Expression

Frankie McNutt
Clyde Cassidy
Lucile Cawood
Mary Kate Rankin
Edna Dawson
Graduates
in Music~
Carrie Lou Caldwell

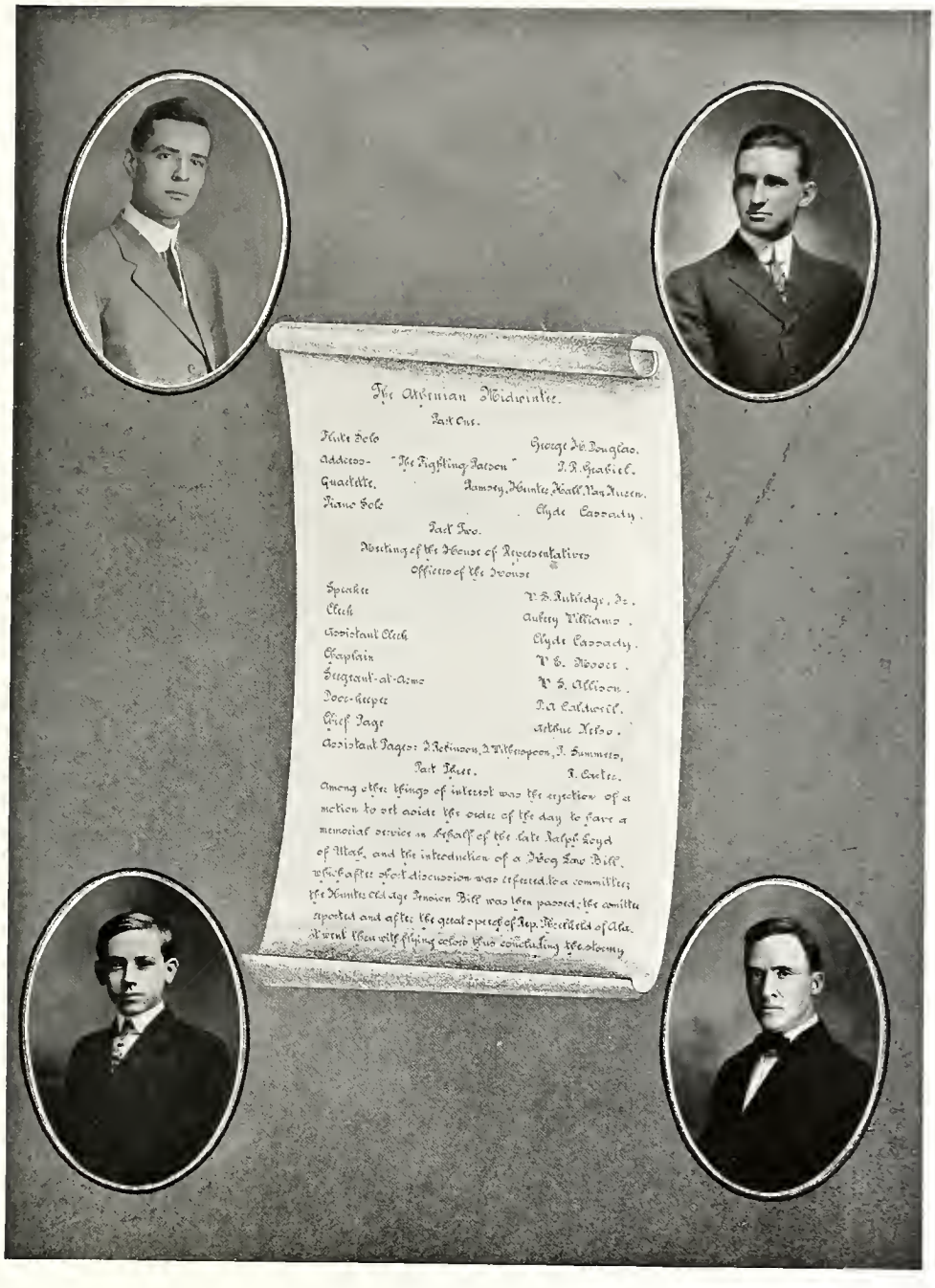
THE
FACULTY
AT
PLAY-

Literary Societies





ATHENIAN


The Athenian Wednesday.
Part One.
Flute Solo George W. Douglas.
Address- "The Fighting Parson" J. B. Gabriel.
Quartette. Armory, Hunter, Neall, Vaughn.
Piano Solo Clyde Cassady.
Part Two.
Meeting of the House of Representatives
Officers of the House
Speaker V. S. Rutledge, Jr.
Clerk Aubrey Williams.
Assistant Clerk Clyde Cassady.
Chaplain V. S. Rogers.
Sergeant-at-Arms V. S. Allison.
Door-keeper D. A. Caldwell.
Chief Page Arthur Nelson.
Assistant Pages: D. Robinson, J. Tillinghast, J. Summers,
Part Three. J. Carter.
Among other things of interest was the rejection of a
motion to set aside the order of the day to have a
memorial service in behalf of the late Ralph Loyd
of Utah, and the introduction of a Drug Law Bill.
which after short discussion was referred to a committee
The Hunter old age Pension Bill was then passed; the committee
reported and after the great speech of Rep. Merrifield of Ala-
it went then with flying colors thru concluding the stormy

Athenian

To wine and song the years bring a rarer flavor and a dearer melody. The poet concluded, as men still conclude every day, that:—

"After all old things are best,"

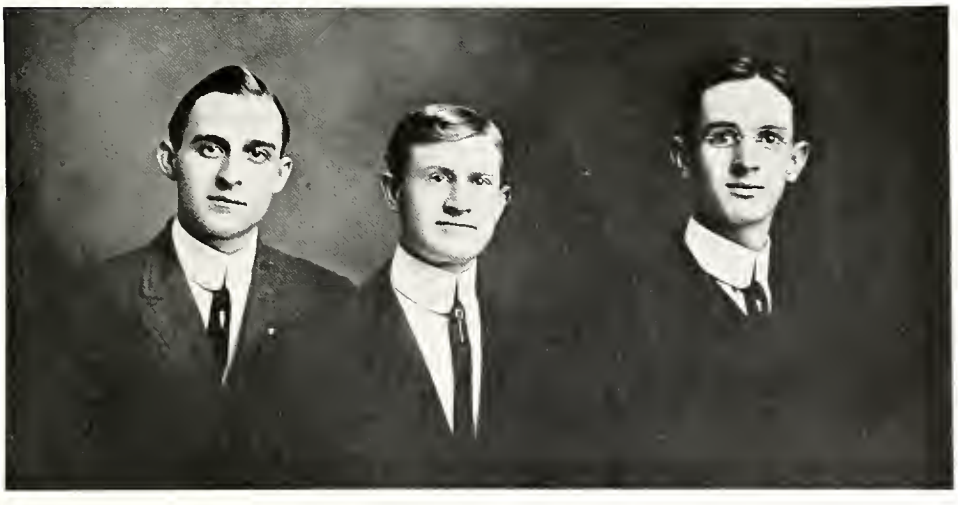
and he who dwells in storied castle or amid a mist of old fantastic legends, breaths with disdain the dust of modern commotion, and senses with scorn the hurry-scurry bustle of the crowded street.

The good old days are gone; the good new days of opportunity and possibility are here, but we are proud nevertheless that in a school like ours, safely grounded in the truthful traditions of other days, yet alive to the pulse beat of the living present, we can share the fellowship of the old Athenian Literary Society. Old? Yes—old in years—boasting the span from sixty-eight to thirteen, old in accomplishment and tradition but young in spirit, in aim and in energy.

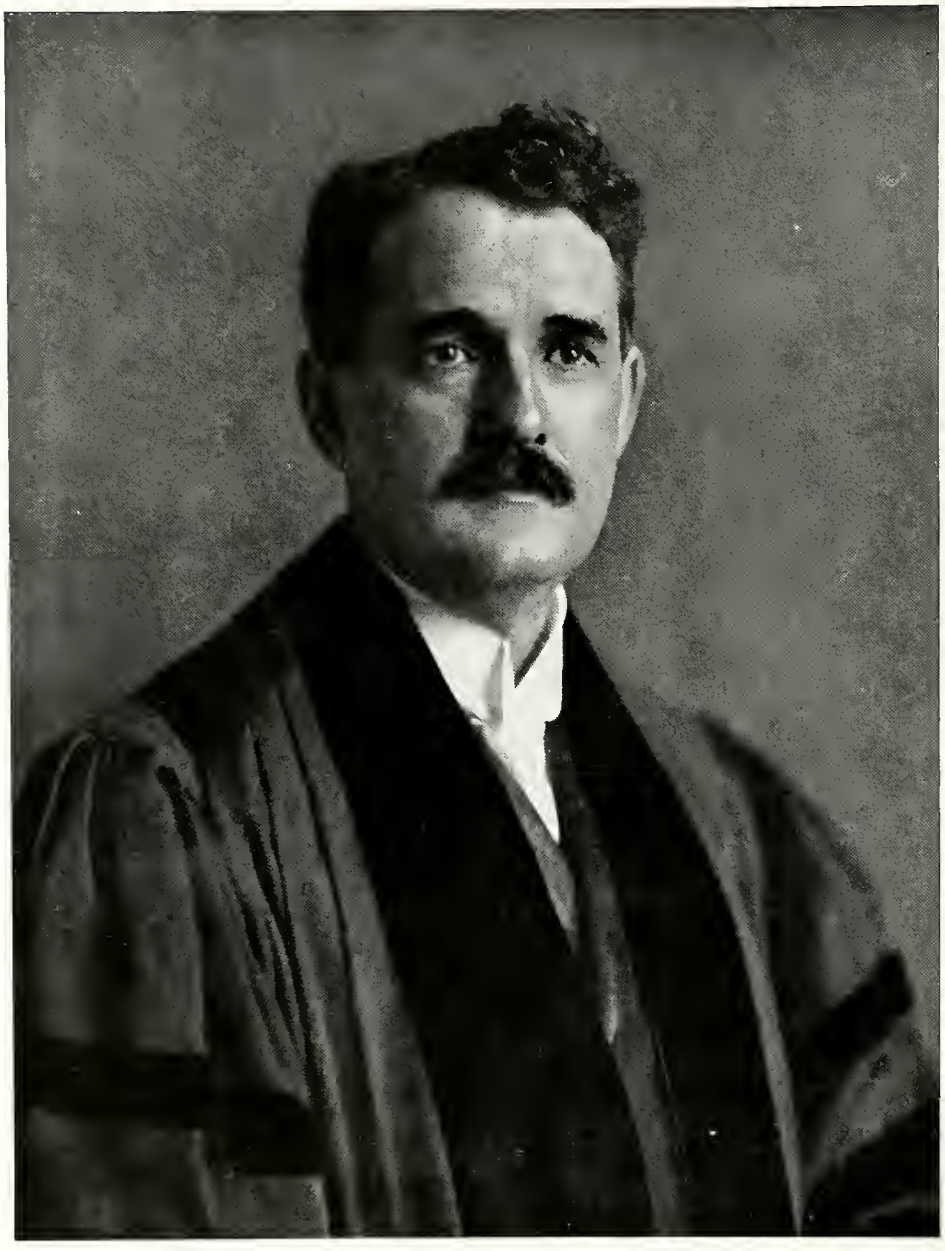
It is a poor condition when an institution may not be fairly judged by its products—the Athenian society is willing to stand the test. The Senior men, who all but one this year are Athenians, have been faithful earnest workers in the society. The spirit they showed there in duties small and more important, if taken with them out into their ways of effort will surely bring them deserved success.

The past year has been a good one from an Athenian standpoint. In the Annual Contest in the Spring Mr. L. L. Cross was awarded the beautiful medal the Society offered for the best oration. The Athenian debaters Messers Grabiel and Alexander and the orator Mr. Hunter, all scored points for Maryville in the Intercollegiate Contest last April. These are features of the work not to be despised. They offer merely a few proofs that in the Athenian society the standard of excellence is high and that the aim of the society is toward yet higher things.

A. S. MANDOLIN CLUB



A. S. CONTESTANTS—JUNIOR SECTION



Rev. John Grant Newman M.A., D.D., founder and first president of the Alpha Sigma Society. Graduated from Maryville College in 1888. Professor of Latin in Maryville College from 1893-1903. Pastor of Olivet Memorial Church, New York City, '03-'05. Pastor of Wyoming Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati '05-'08. President of Western College, Oxford, '08-'12. Pastor of The Chambers-Wylie Memorial Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, Pa. '12—.

Alpha Sigma

No longer does youth disqualify one to hold positions of responsibility. In fact where youth is, there you will find a push and vigor that is quite beyond the reach of old age. Edmund Burke saw the power of youth in the American Colonies and warned England that they would one day surpass their masters.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-two, John Grant Newman, a leader among men, founded the Alpha Sigma Literary Society. Thirty years have passed since Dr. Newman presided at the first meeting. Since then he has gained a wide reputation, and at the present time he is pastor of one of the most prominent churches in our country.

Our history, though short, is marked frequently by men who stand in the front ranks of the nation. The flame of youth is in our hands and with it we are forging and moulding men to stand the wear and tear of the world.

As in the past Alpha Sigma have distinguished themselves by superior work, so we are still upholding the standard placed in our hands by those who have left our halls. The annual contest between the Junior Sections of the two literary societies resulted in the Alpha Sigma winning two out of a possible three points. At the Midwinter Entertainment, the Mandolin and Guitar Club made a very favorable appearance and it is hoped that this is but the beginning of a large and well organized club. In the intercollegiate debating teams, the Alpha Sigma members have brought home victory time and again.

The fire of youth is ours and no power can snatch it away. It has tempered and hardened the weakest and most pliable, and has burned out the flaws and defects of the more fully developed. Who is there that dares to deny us the heritage and blessing of youth? And this is the key to success.

The Reclaiming of Petey

I am old and fat. Therefore I can afford to be freer with my tongue than when I was young and handsome, and I am going to tell this story as I please, and as it happened, I used to tell my husband that I liked men better, and hated them worse, than any other of God's creatures. This is a story of a man whom I liked.

I can remember very well indeed when Petey was a brat in knickers, carrying Hermione, a two-year-old with a shock of golden curls, on his back wherever he went. His mother died when Hermione was born, and poor young Will Abernathy didn't survive her long—died of typhoid that summer. Petey can't remember the time when he hasn't dropped in on me of a summer evening and sat on my veranda and crunched my maccaroons, while talking of many things. Poor motherless boy! I did the best I knew for him. But he had no chance from the very first. Old Seth Abernathy, their uncle and only relative, who took the children when their parents died, was about as well fitted for the care of a boy as a rhinoceros. I think he got reconciled to Hermione—she was pretty and docile. But Petey was just a wayward, noisy, loveable boy, and old Seth, I verily believe, hated him till the day he died.

Petey went off to the university when he was nineteen and got in with a fast set. In his Senior year he got into a scrape and had to come home, and from that time he played fast and loose. But everybody loved Petey Abernathy. And in all those wild years, Petey never failed me and my veranda and my macaroons. He has never done a naughty thing that he hasn't told his Aunt "Dumdum" as he calls me. He has done bad things, but I would stake my life that he has never done a dishonorable thing.

In the summer that Petey was twenty-nine and Hermione twenty-two, early in the morning of the seventeenth of June (you will see later why I remember the date), old Seth Abernathy died. And, as soon as he was safe under ground the will was read. That will and its consequences were the talk of the town for many a long day. After a ling list of minor legacies old Seth bequeathed his lands and his millions "to my beloved grand-nephew, Peter Abernathy, and my beloved grand-niece, Hermione Abernathy, to have and to hold in joint ownership, and to their heirs forever." But the old fox was not through with them yet. In a codicil added just three days before he died he made this condition: if within one month after the decease, Petey would take an oath never to gamble in any form or drink any intoxicating liquirs, and to personally assume the management of the estate, and lead a sober and respectable life, he and Hermione should inherit in good shape. But if he refused to take the pledge, or in the judgment of certain trustees, broke it in any particular after he made it, the whole fortune was to go for building an Orphanage.

On the evening after the will was read, Petey, Hermione, and I sat on my veranda and held a council of war. How could Petey—wild, dare devil Petey—settle down into a respectable, soher, and altogether tiresome bachelor, all in one month?

"It was too bad of him, by Jove!" Petey burst out at last, "He knew I wouldn't care so much about myself—I am a man and could live somehow, but Hermione's having to suffer for what is my fault is too much. If I were half a man I'd settle down and behave, or burst!"

"Tut, tut, boy!" said I, "You might burst, but when you are old and bald would be time enough to talk about settling down. You have a couple of thousand apiece of your own. And if your cousin Jane, ever sees fit to die you will probably have five. Not much I admit, but you could live on it. Now to my mind the thing to do is to go in as if old Seth's millions didn't exist. See here, children, there is no use in your taking up that great house. You could come and live with your old Aunt Dumdum. I am lonesome and am getting old."

"You're a brick, Aunt," said Hermione, "and if you were our real Aunt we'd do it like a shot, but we can't sponge, you know."

"Hoighty toighty!" said I, "and who said anything about sponging, Miss? So long as you are both single I don't see—"

I never finished that sentence, for Hermione leaped to her feet and began screaming, "I have it, I have it! The very thing!"

"Jumping Jupiter, what have you got!" gasped Petey "a fit?"

"Why just this, don't you see? So long as Petey is not married, of course he isn't going to settle down to business. Then let Petey get married." Hermione said these words impressively, and looked around to see how we took it.

Petey looked at me desperately. "Is there any insanity in our family?" he demanded.

But after I had regained my breath I saw that there was something in what the child said. I am a thrifty old thing, and for all my talk, I felt that it would be a shame to let two million dollars slip through one's fingers. A good marriage would be a good thing, for Petey and there were plenty of girls in Maywood who would snap at him and his millions.

To make a long story short, Hermione and I bullied Petey into submission, and that very evening we had him write letters of proposal to three nice girls who had known Petey from babyhood, and who were all poor. Petey was to send them one after another until he was accepted.

But we had reckoned without our host. Those three young fools lost no time in turning Pety down flat-footed. And the days passed, and lengthened into weeks, and ten days before the end of the month we were no nearer the solution of the problem than we were at first.

It was about this time that the miracle happened, and it was in this wise. A young girl called Jean McDonald came to visit her aunt, an old friend of mine. Jean was seventeen years old, a child of the slender, big-eyed type. One afternoon the newcomer and her aunt wr paying me a call, and Petey dropped in as they were leaving. I introduced the two young people, and as they clasped hands I saw, stupid old thing though I am, that they both thrilled with the same shock. Petey watched her slim child's figure out of sight, and then turned to me with a strange look in his dark eyes.

"Aunt Dumdum, said Petey, I am going to marry that girl."

The next few days were bad ones for Hermione, and would have been for Petey if he had not been absorbed in his new happiness. He had taken little Jean McDonald by storm—the handsome rascal—and was with her every minute. But the fifteenth of July came and went, and the sixteenth followed it, and on that evening I was sitting on my veranda rocking back and forth and trying to tell myself that I was not sorry old Seth's millions were gone, when Petey hurried up the path. He walked straight up to me and looked me in the eyes, and began speaking in a hoarse voice.

"Aunt Dumdum, the money's gone, and it doesn't matter, except for Hermione. But I am all right, forever and ever. I have found out what human love and faith

and trust is made of, and I have got something to tie my old drifting, stove-up boat to. I am going to marry Jean McDonald as soon as she is ready, and until that time I am going to live so as to deserve her." Petey was choking, but for once he did not care.

"Aunt Dumdum." he went on, the words tumbling out of him faster than ever, "this evening I told her that it was true what people were saying—that I wanted to get married—and asked her if she trusted me enough to marry me anyhow. You see I didn't tell her that the month was up. She said yes, she would marry me to-night. Then I told her that it was too late, that I was a beggar, and, Aunt, she didn't turn a hair; she just said, 'Would two million dollars make us any richer, if we have each other?' And with that I left, and I just came to tell you, Aunt Dumdum, that your boy is going to be a man at last."

I put my old fat arms around his neck and held him close. And in that moment I blessed the girl who had done for Petey Abernathy what old Seth and his two million dollars could not do. Just then Samanthy came up from the house—"wanted at the 'phone, Miss Daw'thy."

It was Hermione on the wire—a somewhat weary Hermione.

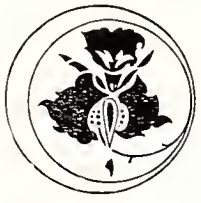
"Is Petey up there, Aunty?" she asked, "Oh! well that's all. I just wanted to know where he was. Oh say—I don't suppose that this will interest you—it's all over anyway, but I was talking to Dr. Comstock a while ago—you know he was with Uncle when—he died, and he was telling me that he had made a mistake in his report of Uncle's death. His watch was slow, or he was sleepy, or something, and Uncle died at one ten in the morning of the seventeenth, instead of twelve ten of the sixteenth. So you see that gives an extra day in the month. "Here Hermione gave a mirthless laugh," I reckon if Petey were to make his promise before mid-night—"

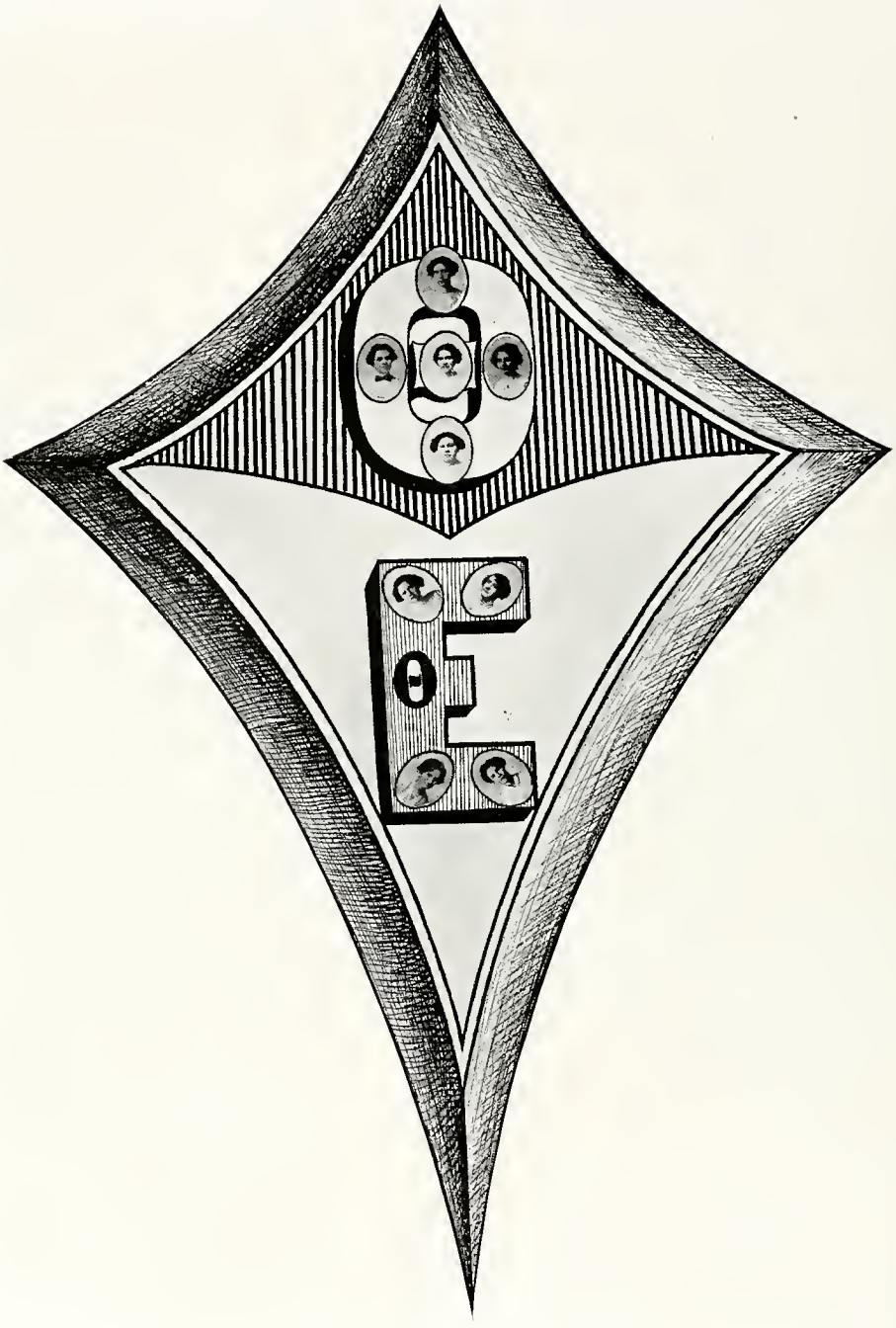
I didn't wait for anymore. I just shouted, "Wait a minute!" and slammed up the receiver. On my way to the veranda (Petey likes to tell about it yet.) I cut a pigeon wing. We hurried down to the Abernathy place, and on the way I explained to Petey. The young beast didn't seem much impressed, he was too much in love I reckon. And when we got there and explained to Hermione, she put her arms around Petey and cried for the first time since she was six. I verily believe even she was thinking not so much of the money as of Petey's reformation .

Well, that's all there was to it. We three went over to Tom Brown's, the executive, and Petey made his promise in the nick of time, and won the money for himself, his sister, and his sweetheart. And then those two young fools blubbered until I was ill. Two years afterward Petey and Jean were married, and now another Petey, with gray eyes instead of black, sits on my veranda and munches my macca-roons.

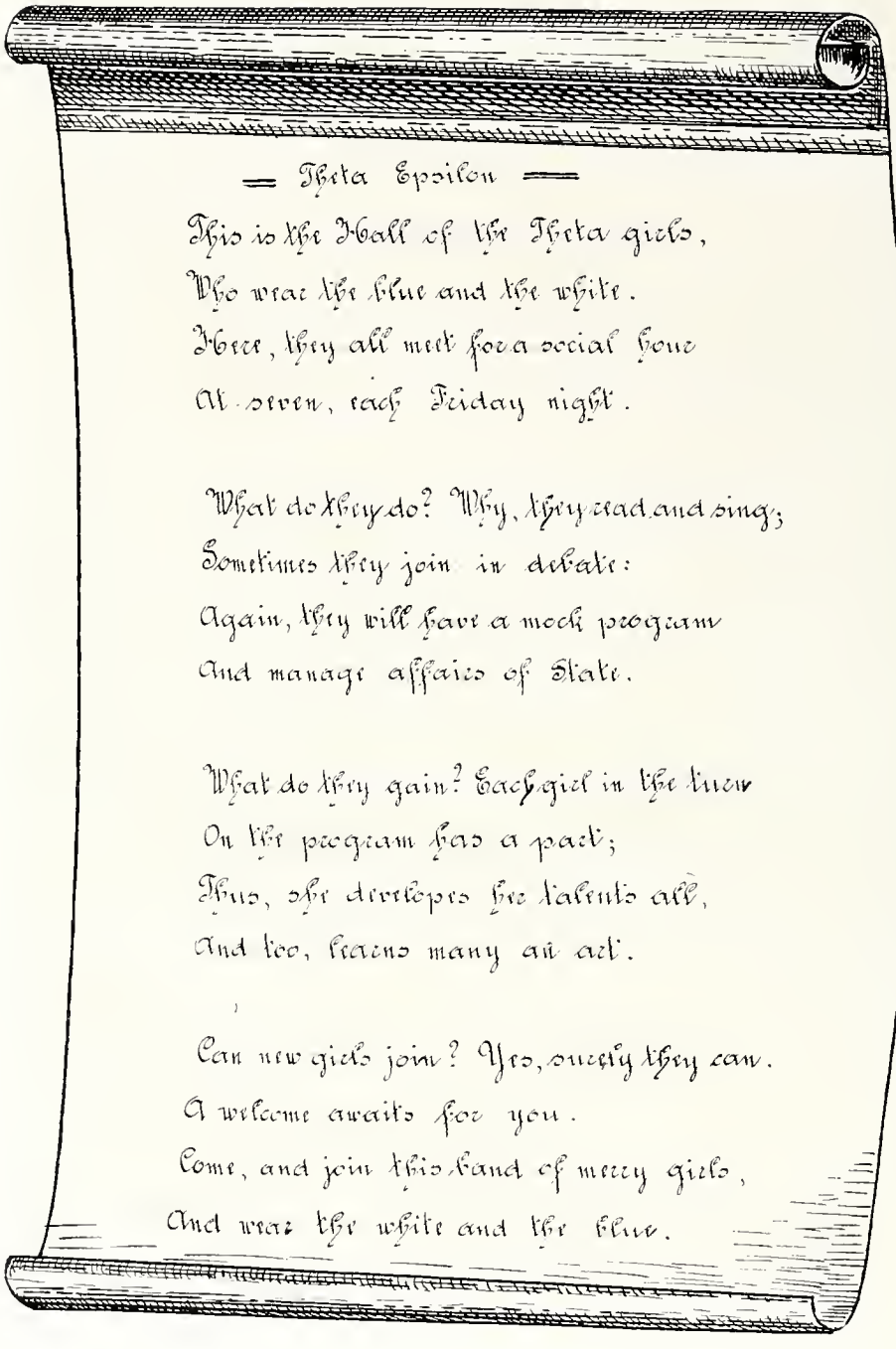
I will be fair. Before I close I will say that when Petey made his promise I cried too. I am an old fool.

Bainonian.





THETA HALL



Theta Epsilon

This is the Hall of the Theta girls,
Who wear the blue and the white.
Here, they all meet for a social hour
At seven, each Friday night.

What do they do? Why, they read and sing;
Sometimes they join in debate:
Again, they will have a mock program
And manage affairs of State.

What do they gain? Each girl in the knew
On the program has a part;
Thus, she develops her talents all,
And too, learns many an art.

Can new girls join? Yes, surely they can.
A welcome awaits for you.
Come, and join this band of merry girls,
And wear the white and the blue.

NSPE

GERMAN CLUB

Der Dutzer Du Verein

MOTTO: Fruh ubt sich, was ein Meister werden will.

COLORS: Rot, Weisz, Schwarz. FLOWER: Das Edelweisz.

OFFICERS.

EDWIN R. HUNTER . . . . . President
CHARLOTTE H. LANDIS . . . . . Secretary
LESTER E. BOND . . . . . Treasurer
JOHN A. HYDEN . . . . . Editor

YELL.

Was ist das?
Das ist was.
Jah!
Der Dutzer Du Verein,
Jah Gewisz!

At the first sight of this mouth filling title, the reader no doubt, is puzzled to know what it signifies and what sort of an organization can wear such a name and still endure. Only to one who has imbibed something of the true Teutonic spirit, can the portent of these German words be fully evident. Teutonic spirit? Yes! for this is the German Club. "Der Deutsche Verein" might have served for a name, but ever since they learned the tender significance of the second singular personal pronoun, the boys and the girls of the College German classes have sought occasion to use that form of the address. Now among Germans, you know, to say "du" when you should say "S " is a social crime, so to escape being criminals, the aforesaid students thought it best to provide an opportunity by which they might, in propriety, use the more friendly form of address. In attest of which, behold the name "Der Dutzer Du Verein." But though this name may seem barbarous to the uninitiated, "Das reine ziel des Vereins," toward which all activities are directed is to promote proficiency in the use of "Du Mutter Sprache."

On Thursday night, Jan. 30th, 1913, the first meeting was held in Pearsons parlors, and to this place for its own sake doubtless, as well as for the great enthusiasm in the German department, there came a goodly number of ambitious students and an organization was perfected.

The work of the club is of a social and literary character, the bi-weekly programs being carried out and the business being transacted as far as possible in German. All members are manifesting their loyalty, both by their regular attendance, and by their eagerness to participate in the programs when an opportunitys offers.

Though the "Dutzer Du" is only an infant in the evergrowing family of Maryville College clubs, nevertheless it is a very healthy child, and shows promise of a great career.

Samuel Walker
J. G. Sims
Z. A. Alexander
The Cup Won
J. L. Tweed
P. R. Grabiel
E. R. Hunter
REPRESENTATIVES IN INTERCOLLEGIATE
DEBATE = 1912 AND ORATORICAL CONTEST

Concerning Ghosts

"The sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman street."
Shakespeare.

Do you believe in Ghosts?

You do not? Listen then, and know that from the bottom of your heart you do believe, if you have but the courage to confess it. Yes, and so do I and so does every other living man. For to believe in ghosts is an inborn instinct of the human mind.

Of course, when in broad daylight, you are studying science or psychology you say you don't. Then it would be beneath your dignity. Then such things are merely hallucinations of the mind, or childish imaginings of the uncultured masses. And there your professor sits back and expatiates most learnedly of the absurdity of such phenomena.

But what has a ghost to do with the class-room? Come down to real life; and if you doubt my word, tell me why it is that you don't exactly like to wander alone on some dark night through an old deserted house, in which a murder was committed, even though you say you know there is nothing in it to hurt you, or explain why I can make you jump two feet by suddenly flaring something white before your face.

Or if that does not convince you, take your scholarly professor, who probably in all his life never went to bed in the dark, and try a little experiment on him. Gently lead him on some cloudy, gloomy night to a nice secluded graveyard, and tie him to a tombstone. There leave him till one or two o'clock, to put him in a proper state of mind; and when you think that reached, treat him to a well selected repertoire of groans and shrieks and sheeted broomsticks; and if by the early morning light that man has not had a genuine experience with all its thrills—why he's a ghost himself. He certainly is not made of human flesh and blood. And what would act on him would surely work on any other man. Therefore, I say that every man from the Hottentot with his fetish, to the astronomer seeing men on Mars, if you but treat him right, believes in ghosts.

But consider what this world would be if there were no such belief. To be sure sculpture and painting would not be greatly affected, since the very etherial nature of the subject renders a portrayal somewhat difficult. And in music, ghostly song has not advanced much higher than a shriek. But in literature, literature that is the crowning glory—What is Shakespeare without Hamlet? What is Hamlet without his Ghost? And did you ever hear of Hector's Ghost in Homer, of Milton's friends, or Goethe's Mephistopheles? All high imagination rests on such belief. And then in history,—had not Alcibiades a ghost, and Julius Ceasar, and Cromwell, and Napoleon; though biased historians try to cover up the fact?

But leaving the great and grand, take up your own very commonplace life. Suppose, that when a boy, as you passed that haunted corner, you really didn't have to thrust your fists in your pockets, and whistle with all your might, to keep your nerve; or you were not momentarily expecting to see something big and black jump out upon you? Suppose that on Hallowe'en you didn't believe those jack-o-lanterns were more than common pumpkins, or the fearful stories told around the ghostly fire had at least some truth in them. Why, life wouldn't be worth living; What more delightfully awful joy can be imagined than if at night, as with your companion you go by the cemetery, you can hear a creak or groan, or think you catch a glimpse of something white, and as you shudderingly draw up closer you can whisper, with a little laugh to show you are not afraid, —"I—I—I—guess that's a ghost!"

And now perhaps some learned man may say, "This is very well, but you have

absolutely failed to prove that such things as ghosts actually exist." Sir, I defy you to show me where I have said that there really are ghosts. Whether there are or not is completely beside the question, and makes absolutely no difference. What I have affirmed, and this I will maintain with all my power, is that all men believe there are. This being so what more is necessary.

But if this is true; then by Pragmatism, which all modern men believe, there must be ghosts. Yes, and since psychology teaches that every instinct of the mind is caused by past necessity, science itself proves that our ancestors met them in the past. I will go a step farther. There is a mighty scientific problem yet unsolved, which may be answered by this theory. I refer to the "missing link." There must be a missing link. But no evidence of it has been discovered. What more simple or reasonable than to believe that the missing link was a ghost. Then of course he left no remains. Thus at one stroke, all further search is made unnecessary and a great principle of science is established.

But in conclusion, since there are always men who doubt what they do not see, I give this selection from the journal of my life. It is concerning my experience in a certain village in France, whose name I would willingly give, were it not that I fear lest certain of its citizens be angry. And on the veracity of every word of this I will stake my honor.

"It lacked but a few minutes of eleven when I left the door of my dreary little inn to seek the vaults of the ancient church. I remember, because hardly had I started on my lonely road, before I heard far ahead the old clock beating out the hour. Across the marshes came its dull and dismal tone, harsh and most uncanny.

It was not a night in which any one would care to be abroad. A heavy storm was gathering in the west. All was black, save for the occasional flicker of lightning across the clouds. All was silent, except for the fitful rushing of the wind, and the infrequent rumbling of the thunder. The path itself was rough and very narrow.

At length I made my way to the church, blacker than the darkness around it. As I entered, the wind ceased, an awful deathlike stillness followed, and all nature seemed waiting—in suspense. Within, by the feeble light of my lamp, I slowly ventured through the empty vastness. How my feet resounded on the flags of stone, soft as I could make my tread; and how they broke the fearful silence. All at once,

it seemed to me that I could not be alone, that something quiet, catlike, was following me. I felt awful stony eyes looking on me in the darkness. Quickly turning, I flashed the light behind. It revealed—nothing. Then I remembered that a terrible murder had been done nearby and that the bones of the dead man lay in the vaults below. Involuntarily I shuddered.

Continuing my way, I reached the door leading to those dreary cells. A cold damp wind blew up as I descended the long stairs and started down an aisle. All was mouldering and dank. Water continually dripped from the walls. This was the only sound, and, though above the storm was raging, here I was dead to the outside world. I was fearfully alone, and yet—.

Suddenly I tripped on the uneven floor and fell. My lamp flying from my fingers, was extinguished. My hand touched something cold and smooth. It was a human skull. Crawling on my knees, I felt around it a pile of bones. Then as I knelt there came an awful tolling, low but with a haunting hollowness that echoed and re-echoed through the vaults. One, two, three,—. 'Twas midnight. Hardly had it finished ere I heard a shriek; a cry of indescribable horror, coming from the inmost recesses of the cells. It seemed the rending wail of a lost soul,—"Oh-h-h," it came. And "Oh-h-h," again. Then it seemed approaching. I crouched in terror among the bones, my hands clenched before my eyes. Nearer—nearer—nearer. A horrible power seemed bearing me down. I could endure it no longer. I sprang back. My eyes of themselves flew open, and I saw,—I saw—Oh! Oh Oh—"

I will tell no more,

But dare you deny that I beheld a ghost?

Religious Organizations

Y. M. C. A.

Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association is supposed to stand for all that is elevating and ennobling. At Maryville it does stand for such principles. The work is an incentive to nobler aspirations, higher ideals, and cleaner lives. And today the crying need of our land is for clean men, men who stand out unafraid to show their colors, men who are honest with themselves, with their fellow-men and, above all, with their God.

As we look back over the work of past years and note the great good which has been accomplished by the Association, it affords no little joy to those most closely connected with the affairs of the Y. M. C. A. here, to see that in Nineteen Hundred and Twelve the Association maintained the usual high standard of excellence.

In the various departments, the work is being carried on with zeal and efficiency. The Bible Study and Mission Study branches are helping many to a better knowledge of facts and conditions, both present and past. Such help is, or should be, one of the aims of every Christian institution.

A change of far-reaching effect was made during the past year concerning the financial requirements for membership; so that pecuniary reasons need now deter no young man from affiliating himself with the Y. M. C. A. of Maryville College. And the Young Men's Chirstian Association is one of the most prominetnt organizations in the world today, for the upbuilding and uplifting of the young men, not only of our own country, but of every nation under the sun. It is a great, invincible power that is wielding a mighty power for the cause of righteousness.

Two things, especially worthy of note, which enter largely into Association work among the students are: first, the Blue Ridge Conference, which convenes at Black Mountain, North Carolina sometime in June, of every year, for a session of ten days; and, secondly, the Student Bible Conferences which are being organized and carried on by the State Student Secretaries. The Blue Ridge Conference is composed of delegates from all over the South, and addresses are made by prominent men of Y. M. C. A. fame, as well as by others who are interested in the work. Classes treating of various phases of Association activity are conducted by able leaders and valuable information and help are obtained by those in attendance.

The Bible Conferences are, of course, much smaller, and treat more directly and informally of local conditions existing in Associations represented at the Conferences. These conferences meet once a year in different parts of the State at separate times.

And so the work goes on, bringing responsibilities and problems still greater than those which have already been met and solved. Alertness and steadfastness are absolutely essential to success in the Young Men's Christian Assiciation.

Y. W. C. A.

Y. W. C. A. DELEGATES

Y. W. C. A.

PART OF A MARYVILLE COLLEGE GIRL'S DIARY.

AUGUST 20, 1912.—Oh! Dear! How the holidays do fly! The time is not far off when I must start for college. Mother has written to Maryville College in regard to my going there this year, and today I receive a letter from one of the Y. W. C. A. girls of that institution, welcoming me to their college.

AUGUST 30, 1912.—I have received two more letters of welcome from the Y. W. C. A. girls of Maryville. I'm so glad I decided to go there for they seem to take such an interest in one.

SEPT. 10, 1912.—I left home last night at eight o'clock and every revolution of the car wheels seemed to increase my homesickness so that when I changed cars at Knoxville this afternoon, I felt very desolate indeed. When I stepped off the train at Maryville and found myself in a circle of jolly girls, all wearing the Y. W. C. A. badge, and all reaching for my suitcase and inquiring if I were going to the College, you can imagine I was gladly surprised. From there the girls conducted me to College Hill and the dormitory where I was shown my room.

SEPT. 11, 1912.—The Y. W. C. A. girls are ever on the look-out for the well-being of the new girls. I have been aided by one of them through all the difficulties of matriculation.

SEPT. 14, 1912.—I have just returned from the Y. W. C. A. reception to the new girls. After listening to an interesting program, and a cordial invitation from the President of the Y. W. C. A. to attend the Sunday afternoon meetings of the Association, we all engaged in some simple games, which served as a means of getting the new girls acquainted with each other.

SEPT. 15, 1912.—I attended the Y. W. C. A devotional meeting this afternoon. I enjoyed the meeting so much and have already decided to attend the meetings regularly, and to become a member of the Association.

OCT. 11, 1912.—Oh! I had such a good time this evening! The Y. W. C. A. social committee gave a "Camp-fire" demonstration, followed by a marshmallow toast. Then I enjoyed watching the Campfire girls dance around the fire, and how prettily they sang! After their demonstration, we sat around the fires and toasted our marshmallows.

JAN. 10, 1913.—Am back at work again after enjoying the short Christmas holidays. The first thing I notice is how busy the Y. W. C. A. girls are. This evening they gave a "House warming" to the new girls. Prof. Bassett gave us an interesting talk on six young ladies of his acquaintance. Then we all assembled in Bainonian Hall where we gathered in small groups around the little tables arranged there, and where light refreshments were served.

JAN. 14, 1913.—I have joined one of the Y. W. C. A. mission study classes. Am awfully busy with my other studies, but couldn't resist the temptation to join the class on China.

APRIL 15, 1913.—How quickly the time goes! It will not be long before school is out. I have enjoyed my year here at Maryville so much, and have made so many nice young friends. The best and truest of them have been the Y. W. C. A. girls.

THE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

The Ministerial Association

George H. Douglas	President
Henry J. Wilson	Vice President
William E. Moore	Secretary and Treasurer
A. Garland Hinkle	Program Secretary

Anise Atiyeh
Edward W. Blair
Ludvik Burian
Harry O. Bush
Edward S. Campbell
Ralph S. Carson
Chauncey E. Conrad
Frank M. Cross
Lawrence L. Cross
Robert C. Cross
Shelby C. Cross
Victor C. Detty
David F. Gaston
Daniel Hamill
George T. Liddell
O. H. Logan
Loren E. Long
Eula E. McCurry
F. Lewis Miller
Addison S. Moore
Charles H. Needham
Ralph W. Owens
Harwell B Park
Frank K. T. Postlethwaite
Leonard J. Ramsay
John V. Stephens, Jr.
James K. Stewart
William H. Tilford
Howard L. Weir
Aubrey Williams

The S. V. B.

George H. Douglas . . . . . Leader

Helen C. Silsby . . . . . Recording Secretary

Miriam A. Rood . . . . . Program Secretary

A. Ethel Fanson — Bessie A. Haggard

Addison S. Moore — Victor C. Detty

REV. JOSEPH M. BROADY

The February Meetings of 1913

The February Meetings are a time-honored and God-honoring institution of our College. In harmony with the object of the foundation of the College as stated by Dr. Isaac Anderson, the first president of the institution, this series of meetings, usualy extending over twelve days, has as its object "the glory of God and the advancement of that Kingdom purchased by the blood of his only begotten Son," through the conversion of the students to Christ, and through the quickening of the spiritual life and the training in personal work of those who are already Christians. As stated by President Wilson, its object is to secure the character, the usefulness, and the eternal welfare of the students.

Rev. Joseph McClellan Broady, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of Birmingham, Alabama, was the leader of these meetings this year. Since Mr. Broady is a Maryville boy by both birth and education, and was himself converted in the February meetings of 1894, and was an earnest worker on subsequent meetings, he was from the first in complete sympathy with the students, and the traditional methods of work in the meetings. Mr. Broady won all hears by his manly, whole-hearted, and true-hearted presentation of the gospel. He appealed to the highest motives and summoned to the most courageous service. The students and teachers worked with splendid enthusiasm and devotion, and God added a mighty blessing. Ninety-eight students professed faith in Christ, while more than that number reconsecrated themselves to his service. For the second time in the hstory of the College all the students of the college department are professing Christians and so are all but fourteen of the students of all departments. For this marvelous victory there is great thanksgiving.

The Way We Build

A house there was by the side of the road,
And this house was built by a man,
Who grumbled and cursed as he bore each load;
And drove his slaves with a cruel goad,
As it grew beneath his hand.

And this house was rich by the side of the road
This house that was built by a man;
But his slaves rebelled 'neath the cruel goad,
And he had no friend as he bore his load;
And his house lay bare by the side of the road,
The house of a friendless man.

A cot there lay by the side of the way,
A cot that was built by a man,
Who toiled in the sun and blessed the day;
Whose smile was warm as a noonday ray
As it grew beneath his hand.

And this cot was poor by the side of the way,
This cot that was built by a man;
But his heart grew gay tho' his hair grew gray,
For he sensed the joy of each passing day,
And we feel it true as we hear men say,
'Tis the house of the friend of man.

Not the house we build but the way we build
Will the building finally stand:
Not the care we bear but the joy we share
Will earn us the blessing hand.
So build we then, that we may be men,
In our cots by the side of the way,
That the world will smile and pause awhile,
To get more cheer for the day.

Edwin R. Hunter, '14.

"Follow the Gleam"

Every nation has its legends, every land its myths and stories which reach back to the forgotten periods before history begins. Like the gleams before a sunrise, they touch the shadowy twilight of pre-historic days, and as its tints have an etherial glory so in their simple lines are often hidden precepts of eternal truth. Such a legend is the ancient Celtic story of the Gleam.

In a far-off land there lived a youth who one day on a mountain-top beheld a light of glorious beauty, while all around there echoed voices bidding him to follow it. And he obeyed, but as he went the light kept on ahead beyond his reach. Over dark mountains, across dreary deserts yet ever forward moved that gleam. Through trouble and danger but ever onward it led. Yet in pursuing it, each day the youth grew stronger and more brave, until at last it led him from this earth up to that Perfect Land, and entering there he gave to all the cry,—"Follow the Gleam!"

This is the legend, old and plain; but it contains a principle that underlies the progress of the nation and the world.

Among the many examples of American genius and activity there is none more obvious or apparent than its industrial achievement. The material development of this nation during the last few decades has been marvelous. All the boundless energy that carried our forefathers through the trackless forest and the untried wilderness, and enabled them to conquer nature and to wrest from her their homes; all the indomitable courage that gave them the victory in their fight for liberty; all the statesmanship and power by which they organized this government are being joined and turned today toward commercial advancement and progress. And the result has been unprecedented. From an undeveloped land of a century ago, noted only for its untouched natural resources, the nation has grown and enlarged until today she stands unrivaled in her mighty business enterprises, and American system and American power have become synonymous with the highest type of industrial success. By it has come a wealth almost unlimited and a prosperity which is unsurpassed.

Yet with all its achievement, this greatness and the results that follow it are one of the nation's gravest problems. For the same skill and genius that has made the mighty corporation is striving to control the reins of government. And the same strength and power that has overcome the barriers of nature is crushing out the life of the common working man. And therefore with it come the questions of capital and labor, and their attendant evils which result in that class hatred that blazes out in anarchy; questions and issues unthought of a hundred years ago but which now thrust themselves forward and threaten the very life of the state.

But what is true in the industrial world is equally true in the other phases of the country's life. When our fathers gained their freedom they resolved to found a nation where liberty and equal rights should be granted every man. And nobly did they suceed in their attempt. Yet this same liberty and freedom has brought its dangers. The corrupt political machine in politics, the laxer moral standards in society are but a few of the many problems, undreamed of by its founders, which today the nation has to face.

To meet these dangers and to solve these problems, statesmen have given their deepest thought, laws have been enacted, decisions rendered by the highest courts, plans and theories brought forward without number. Yea, men have said that unless they are met and settled, the nation must go down in ruin.

But today they are unanswered. The decisions of a court have not solved the question of the trusts, nor have the great reforms brought perfection into government. As the present is a time of great achievement it is also a period of mighty stress.

These problems are unsolved and they are unsolvable, but in that very fact lies the hope and future of the state. For America is following the Gleam.

As the youth each day toiled onward and as he overcame each hindrance, ever saw the light ahead, so in its upward march the nation, as it meets each question, sees still greater ones beyond. For, in the state as in the man, while there is life and progress there must be struggle. The questions of industry, of politics, and of society are unsolved and have been so since the world began, but the phases that we face today are not those which our predecessors faced, but only those made possible by their struggles and our present progress. In every noble heart God has emplanted the longing for the perfect, and toiling with this aim in view all the greatness of the world has been attained. But on this earth there is no true perfection but in the striving, for perfection is the beginning of decay.

Far toward the west there lies a mighty nation, a nation ancient and a nation great, but a land that for two thousand years has lain in darkness. Why has China's fame declined? Why has her glory vanished? Because she had no civilization? She had one and a wondrous one before our own ancestors knew the name. It is because her civilization meant stagnation; because she recognized no greater glory than her past; because she knew no higher heaven than her own Celestial Empire. For China was the land without the Gleam.

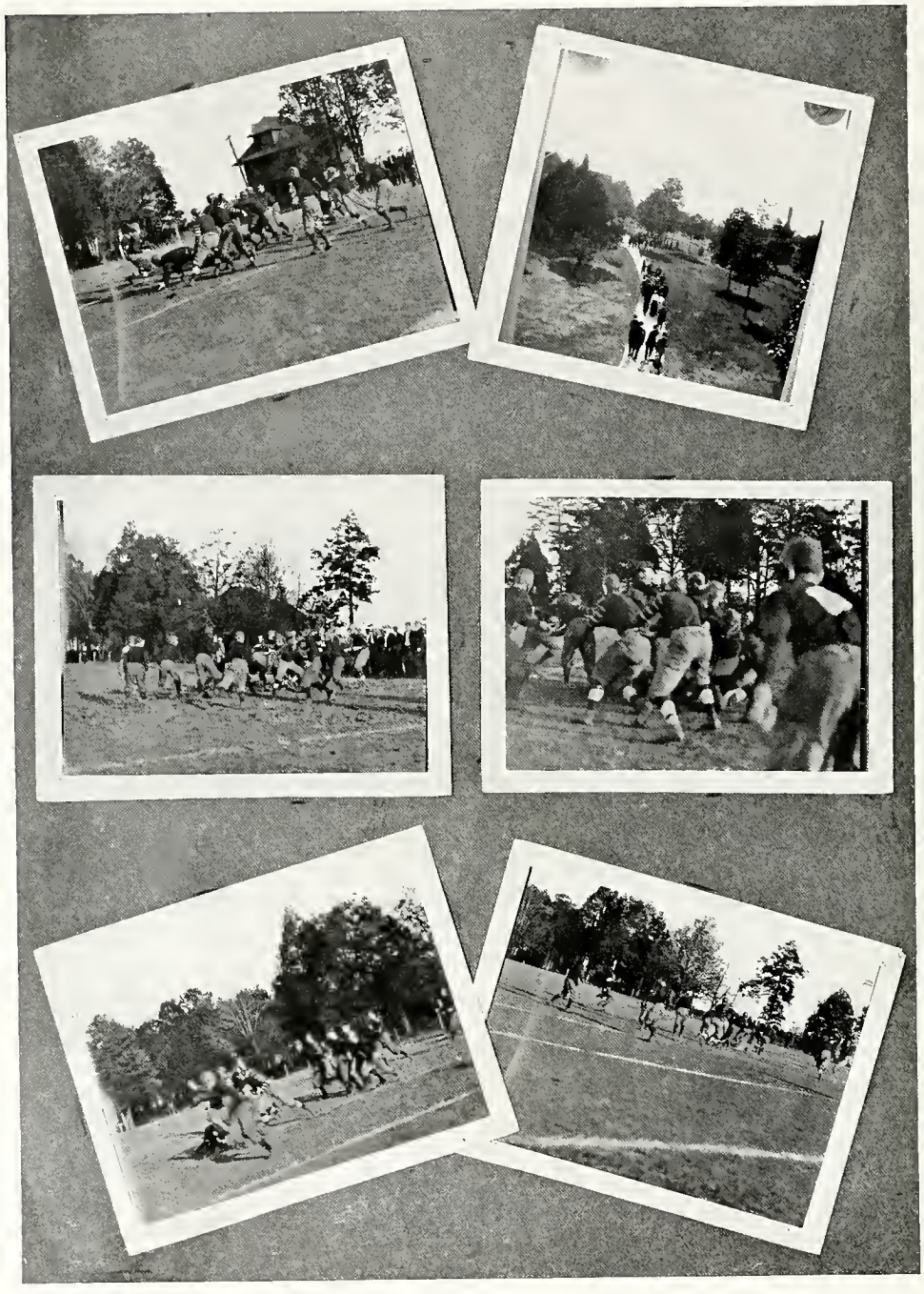
And why is our own civilization the highest yet attained? Not because it is faultless; not because it is perfect. But because it stands for progress. Because behind it is a race that knows no glory which may not be rivaled, that recognizes no prosperity which cannot be surpassed; a race endowed with a resistless energy that ever onward strives, that never knows defeat, that counts no cost too great, no difficulty too gigantic to be faced; a people with the Gleam.

Along the pathway of the nations as each followed that Gleam it prospered though its road was hard. Greece saw that light, and it led her to heights of art and beauty yet unrivaled, but when she left it then she fell. As Rome pursued it she grew mistress of the world. But when she forsook her path, what more awful picture in all history than the darkness which like a night eternal settled over all the earth. And under it men groped and wandered for a starless age.

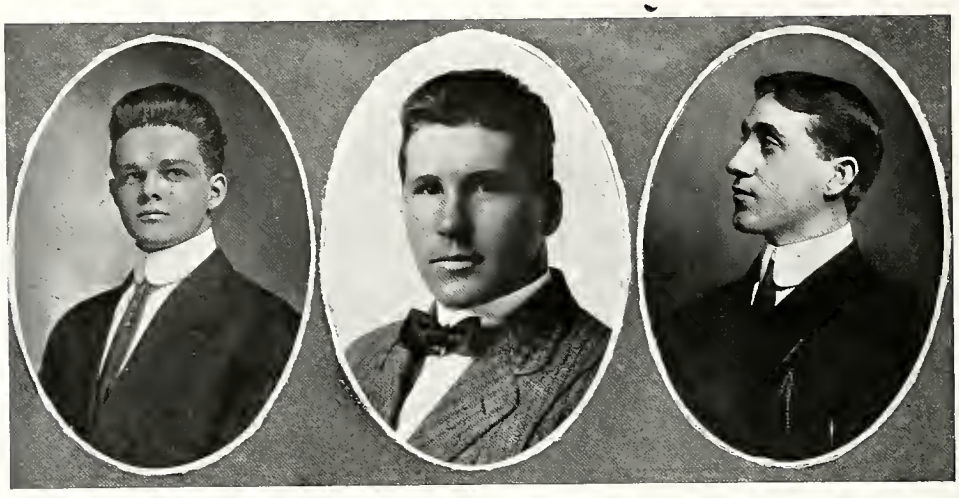
But then again they saw the Gleam, and followed out of darkness into light. And since that time the nations of the earth, through struggle, strife and danger, have pressed upward and onward to greater and still greater heights of civilization and advacement.

What then is the greatest menance to our land today? Not that she cannot solve her problems, but that she may cease to try to solve them; that she may leave the Gleam and say her present greatness is sufficient. For the glory of America is not her mere prosperity; is not her wealth and power. It is the manhood of her sons. This is her greatest asset and on this her future rests. But as the youth must climb his rugged way to gain his strength, so only by its questions and its problems, great and terrible as they may be, can the nation's manhood be maintained.

Far down the future I see our land. America! Not with every question settled; not in ease and luxury. But as a youth, strong, alert and brave, climbing a rough and rugged path. The way is steep yet still he presses up. For ever on before, his guide and joy, there moves a light, unattained and unattainable. And ever in his ear there rings the cry, the watchowrd of the progress of mankind,—"Follow the Gleam!"



ATHLETICS



ATHLETIC COACHES

Board of Athletic Control

This Board, composed of students, faculty, and town representatives, has control of all branches of athletics. Of the many forward strides during the past year, the advance of greatest moment was the drawing up and adoption of a new and up-to-date constitution for the Athletic Association, of which this Board is the executive committee.

P. R. Grabiel	President
Chas. Dawson	Vice President
W. B. Rutledge	Secretary
D. J. Brittain	Treasurer
F. L. Proffit	Official Buyer
Pres. S. T. Wilson	Faculty Representative
E. R. Walker	Faculty Representative
Dr. J. A. McCulloch	Town Representative
Chas. D. Chandler	Town Representative
E. M. Reeves	Student Representative
R. W. Wright	Student Representative
Alma Armstrong	Student Representative
Miriam Rood	Student Representative

Football, 1912

The present season opened under somewhat unfavorable conditions. Although a large squad reported, there were only three veterans including Captain Badgett. This meant a double task: first, since many of the men were green, to teach them the rudiments of the game; second, to develop a team around the nucleus formed by last year's men to start the schedule with. In our first few games we could scarcely hope to win against such colleges as Vanderbilt and Kentucky State.

Always showing a fighting spirit, and working together the men soon developed a winning combination which elicited praise wherever they played, and although not always victorious the team was characterized by that fighting spirit common to all Maryville teams.

LINE UP

Carson . . . . . Center	Bond . . . . . Left End
Vandergriff . . . . Right Guard	Jackson . . . . . Quarter Back
Williamson . . . . . Left Guard	Hamilton
Samsell . . . . . Right Tackle	Curry . . . . . Left Half Back
Sherrer . . . . . Left Tackle	Owens
T. Henry	Williams . . . Right Half Back
McCall . . . . . Right End	Badgett (Capt.) . . . . Full Back
Freels	C. Smith.

VARSITY RECORD—1912

M. C.	12	Central High School	0
M. C.	0	Kentucky State	34
M. C.	3	Vanderbilt	100
M. C.	9	Cumberland	13
M. C.	0	University of Tennessee	38
M. C.	7	Mars Hill	0
M. C.	32	Washington College	0
M. C.	6	University of Chattanooga	34
M. C.	0	Eleventh Cavalry	34
M. C.	34	Athens	12
M. C.	24	Asheville	13
M. C.	12	Polytechnic Institute	7
M. C.	6	Y. M. C. A.	10

The 1911 Football "Scrubs"

James Brittain Jr. . . . . Manager
Frank Hall . . . . . Captain

The 1912 Scrubs cannot be termed "misused" and "much abused" as the scrubs in former years have been. They were a husky bunch and though lacking experience and skill, put up a hard fight against all the teams they met. The success of our varsity was largely due to the persistent efforts of this bunch of "pig-skin" warriors, and in the future years this team will furnish many able players for our varsity.

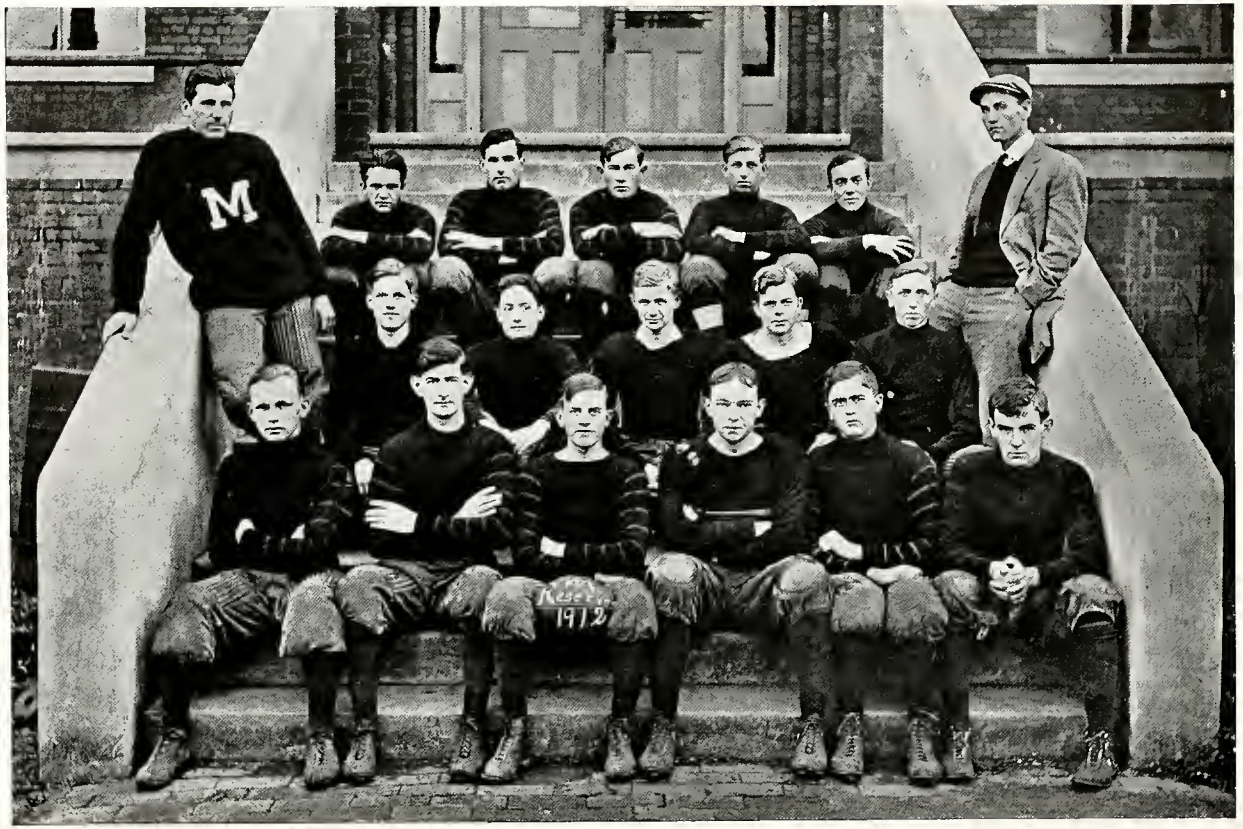
LINE UP

Vankeuren	Center	Hodge	Left End
Cole	Right Guard	Hall	Quarter Back
Bryson	Left Guard	Allison	Full Back
Henry	Right Tackle	Butler	Right Half Back
Brown	Left Tackle	Calloway	Left Half Back
McClenaghan	Right End	Subs—Clark, Parker, Bennet, Walker.	

SCRUB RECORD

Maryville	12	Baker Himel	6
Maryville	0	Knox County Central High School	6
Maryville	2	U. of T. Scrubs	34
Maryville	0	T. M. I.	64
Maryville	7	Knoxville Night School . . .	34

VARSITY FOOTBALL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1912

Varsity Basket Ball

Our Varsity team, under the skilful direction of Coach Williams, and the earnest perservering leadership of Captain "Jim" Brittain, is a gratifying success. "The best team in years" is the popular verdict of the students. The heaviest schedule ever attempted is being played, and the team has won more points than it has lost. "Play together for Maryville" seems to be the spirit, and the games away from home as well as those on the Maryville floor, have resulted in the expression, "Those Maryville boys are out for victory through clean playing." Proud of their record, and of each member for what he is, both as a student, and as a player, we commend them to our readers.

OFFICERS.

Geo. E. Williams . . . . . Coach
Jas. F. Brittain, Jr. . . . . Captain
R. W. Wright . . . . . Manager

LINE UP

Garrison . . . . . Forward
Lloyd . . . . . Forward
Robinson . . . . . Forward
Liddell . . . . . Center
Smock . . . . . Guard
Brittain (Capt.) . . . . . Guard
Proffitt . . . . . Guard

SECOND TEAM

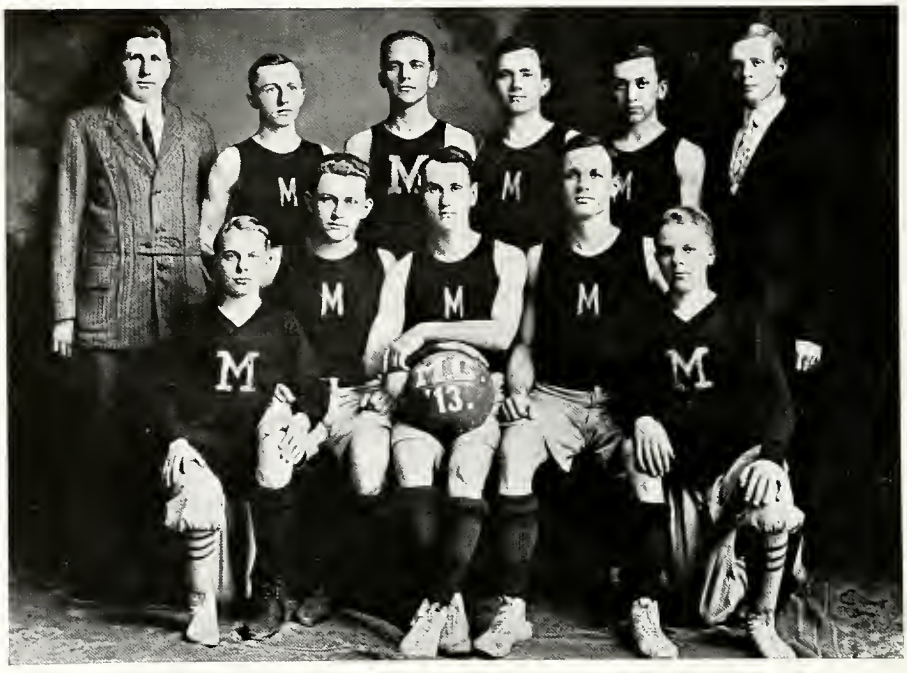
The Basketball second team as well as the Varsity, has the name of being the best for the past few years. They deserve great appreciation for the pluck and spirit with which they have aided in developing the first team men.

OFFICERS.

Geo. E. Williams . . . . . Coach
Crum . . . . . Captain
G. O. Robinson . . . . . Manager

LINE UP

Hodges	Forward	McCall	Guard
Boedecker	Forward	Crum (Capt.)	Center
Clark	Guard	Hernandez	Center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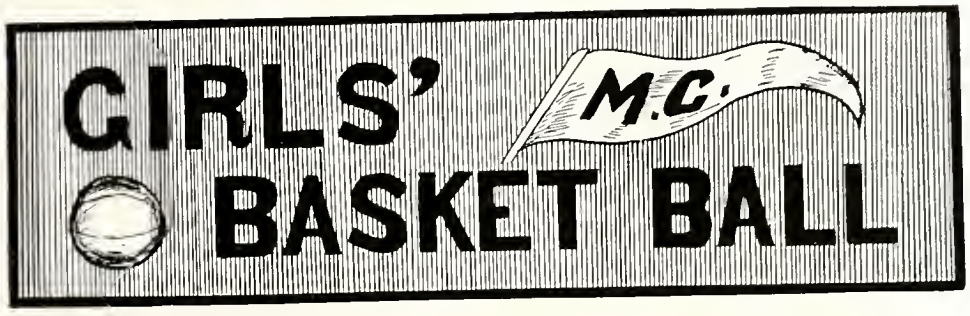
SCRUB



OFFICERS

L. E. Bond . . . . . Coach
Alma Armstrong . . . . . Captain
Mayme Maxey . . . . . Manager

Basketball for girls in most colleges where there is co-education is about the last thing thought of by the student-body, when athletes are mentioned. It is not so, however at Maryville. We believe in competitive athletics for strong women the same as for strong men. This is proven by the hearty support our girls' team has been given in the past and thus far this year.

The Quintette this year is made up of four of last year's team, namely: Misses Armstrong (Capt.), Wilson, Newell, and Rood. With the addition of Miss Samsel at guard, there is little doubt but that the girls, if given the usual response by the student-body, will do their utmost to win the Championship of the State, and renew the record which they held until last year, of not losing a single game in six years.

GIRLS' SECOND TEAM

The girls' second team has shown unusual interest and ability this year, and will without doubt furnish players for Varsity next year. They have won all their games so far.

LINE UP

Olive Wilson (Capt.) . . . . . Forward
Nell Kirkpatrick . . . . . Forward
Mary Boggs . . . . . Guard
Edna Foster . . . . . Guard
Ellston Rowland . . . . . Center

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M.C.
VARSITY
1913

M.C.
SCRUB

Track

Track work more nearly reaches the ideal than any other form of athletics. Why? Because, there is always an opportunity for a new man to make good, for in track work a man wins not through the help of his fellows, but as the result of his own training and fitness.

More interest has been shown in track this year than ever before as is shown by the results of the Tusculum meet. Those who entered in this meet were: Smock, Bush, West, (Asst. Mgr.) Hamilton, Proffitt, (Mgr.) Caton, Miller, (Capt.) Tweed, Threlkeld, and Butler.

A cinder track has been built, and Meets are scheduled for this Spring. We hope to see the Orange and Garnet floating proudly above all others.

Varsity Baseball

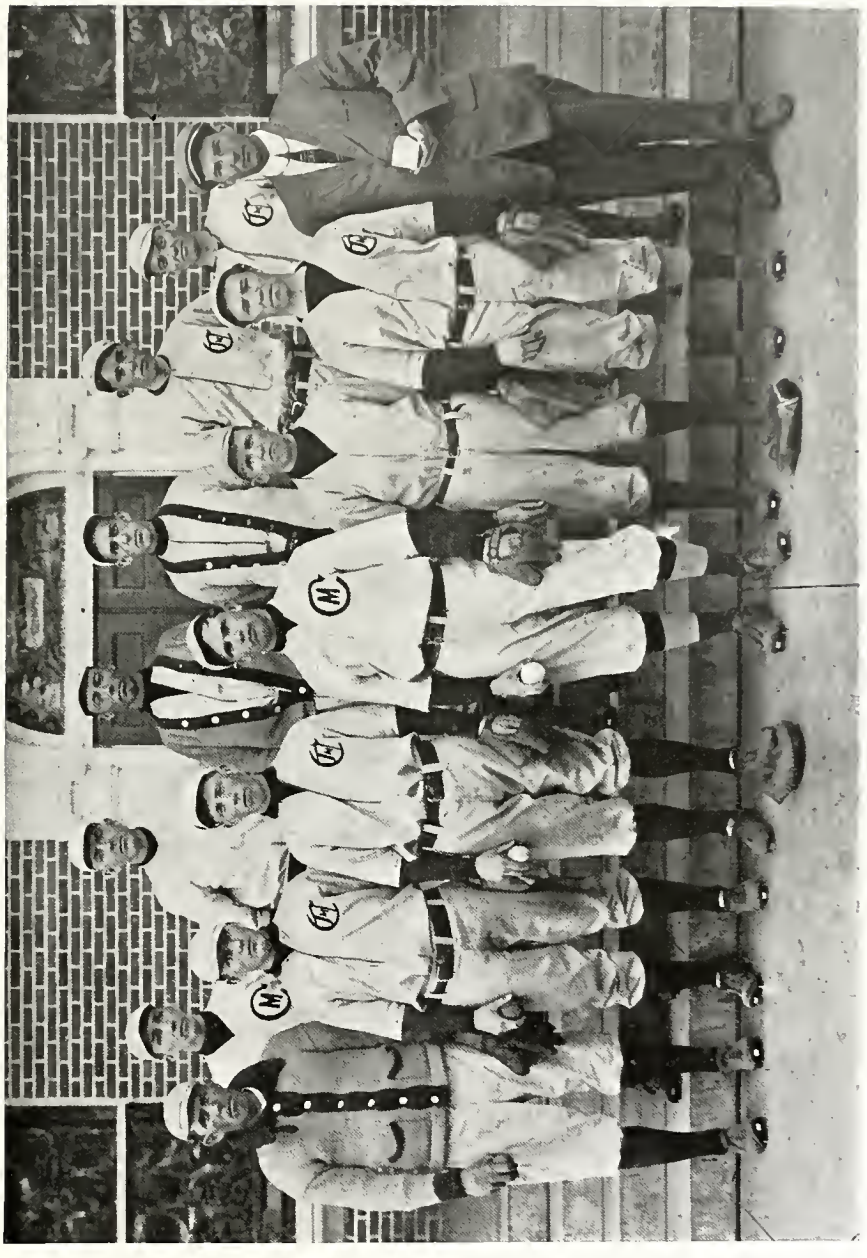
The nineteen-twelve baseball season was a three-sided success. The first was a full schedule of thirty games. The second success was a goodly number of victories that came our way. The third success was, that by the generosity of our team the other teams were allowed to win some too. Our motto was: "Time about is fair play."

LINE UP

Dawson	Pitcher	H. Toney	Short Stop
Pile	Pitcher	Carver (Capt.)	Catcher
Gudger	Pitcher	Audrey	Left Field
McDonald	First Base	Creech	Center Field
Jackson	Second Base	Hamilton	Right Field
Reeves	Third Base	Subs—Russell and L. Toney.	

SCORES

M. C.	4	University of Tennessee	5
M. C.	0	University of Tennessee	1
M. C.	5	University of Tennessee	6
M. C.	3	D. & D.	3
M. C.	4	Carson and Newman	3
M. C.	1	Carson and Newman	2
M. C.	4	Johnson Bible College	6
M. C.	7	Johnson Bible College	6
M. C.	12	Johnson Bible College	2
M. C.	4	Carson and Newman	5
M. C.	2	Carson and Newman	4
M. C.	4	Tusculum	3
M. C.	2	Tusculum	4
M. C.	4	Tusculum	5
M. C.	6	Tusculum	6
M. C.	4	Cumberland University	8
M. C.	3	Cumberland University	0
M. C.	2	Cumberland University	4
M. C.	8	Cumberland University	5
M. C.	11	Knox Y. M. C. A.	2
M. C.	8	Dahlonega	4
M. C.	9	Dahlonega	0
M. C.	1	P. H. S.	0



Baseball Second Team

The 1912 Baseball Reserves had an excellent season. Besides the exercise they received running up balls for the Varsity, and the glory they enjoyed in scalping some other strong teams, some of them are coming out strong for the 1913 varsity, and unless "Cruel Fate" outwits "Prophecy," some of the 1912 Scrubs at the close of the season will say good-bye forever to Scrubdom.

OFFICERS

R. W. Owens . . . . . Manager
Toney . . . . . Captain

LINE UP

West	Pitcher	Hodges	Third Base
Nicely	Pitcher	Park	Short Stop
C. Smith	Catcher	Toney	Left Field
McClenaghan	First Base	Calloway	Center Field
Johnston	Second Base	McCall	Right Field

Tennis

Jas. West and Mark Barnes
Class 1915
Champions Inter-class Tournament 1912.

Maryville College tennis in the past has been more inter-class than inter-collegiate; more individual pastime than College Athletics; more an exercise than a sport. The future of tennis however is much more encouraging.

The tennis players of the Hill equal in number the football, baseball, basketball, or track squads, so the ball and racket game deserves a real place in College Athletics. The Athletic Association realizes this, and besides furnishing necessary equipment, now offers the College Monogram to the team representing the College against other colleges.

The Faculty last year built two new courts for the girls, and has lately appointed a committee to look into the present needs. With these encouragements, the season of 1913 should be one of the best in our tennis history.

The management hopes to have this season a tournament of inter-class games, a series of boys' and girls' singles and doubles, and one game perhaps with some other school.

Before many seasons we should see a girls' and boys' team on the road, a U. T.-Maryville game, and an M. C. team striving for the State Championship.

Cross Country

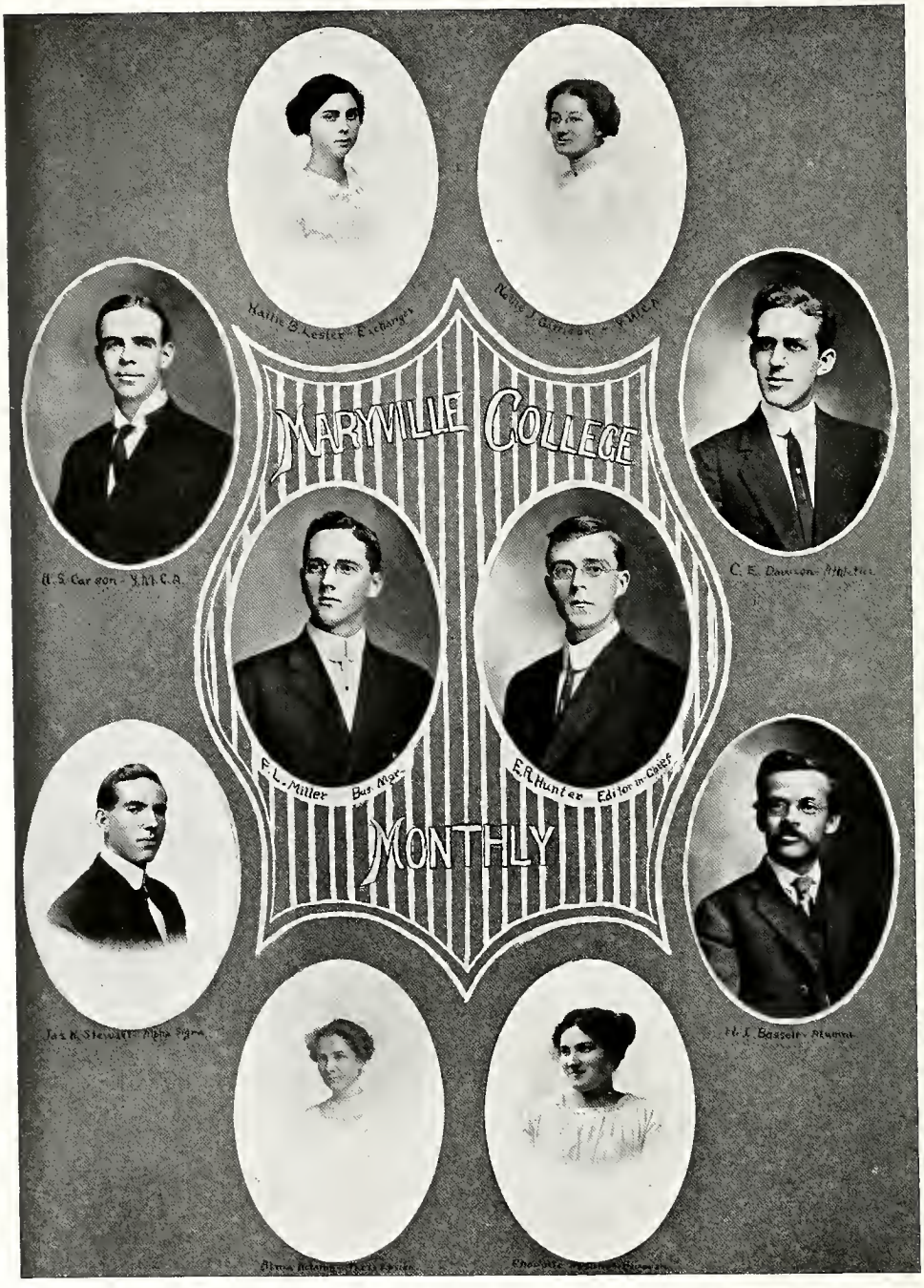
1911-1912

Last year a number of students began cross-country training early in the football season, and the Athletic Board of Control, seeing the interest shown in this form of athletics, took up the matter and gave a four-mile race. In this over twenty men entered, the winners of which won prizes given by the town merchants, and in which the class of 1916 won the highest number of points.

The faculty gave the Cross Country Cup, and the Board offered M's to the five men winning the highest number of points in each annual series of races. The one winning grst place was to have his name engraved on the cup. The cup has space for many names and will last many seasons.

The first three races were four miles long and the last was a hare and hound race of about six miles. After the last race, the points were added up and, J. W. Card took first place with 400 points. The next highest were in order as follows: John Parker, Charles S. Bennett, V. C. Detty and J. E. Ensign.

CHILHOWEAN
19
13
STAFF


Hattie B. Lester – Exchanges
Nellie J. Garrison – Y.W.C.A.
MARYVILLE COLLEGE
H. S. Carson – Y.M.C.A.
C. E. Dawson – Athletics
F. L. Miller Bus. Mgr.
E. R. Hunter Editor-in-Chief
MONTHLY
Jas. M. Stewart – Alpha Sigma
H. S. Bassett – Alumni

CLUBS

Anti-Appendix Club

Some people are born to appendicitis,—as well as to measles, whooping cough, chicken-pox, scarlet fever, sprained ankle, broken arm, diphtheria, typhoid fever, pneumonia and tooth-ache. You know such individuals and so do we. And some persons have appendicitis thrust upon them. We are they. But to assert that anybody should deliberately acquire appendicitis is a libel upon human intelligence. All these gibes about appendicitis being a fashionable cult, are rot; all these jokes about having your appendix removed, "while you wait" are rot. We used to be that kind of scoffers ourselves.

No person who has a grain of sense will yearn to have an unoffending appendix removed, just for the experience; and no sane person who has had the appendix removed will bid for the operation to be repeated. Fortunately, it can't be. A beneficent Creator has given man only one appendix. Man does not need even that; but there are many surgeons, so let him strive to be generous, though he find it hard to do: to have to pay for something he never has used and doesn't want and doesn't need. A $500 appendix, only two or three inches long and entirely obsolete and worthless, is such a frightful extravagance.

When you get it (meaning a pain in the south-west quarter of abdominal region No. 4), you expend much energy and time in convincing yourself and the doctor that you are suffering from a plain case of colic caused by toast and scrambled eggs. When finally the doctor informs you that it must be cut out, you are scared almost to death. After much thinking it over, and many assurances from those who claim to know, by experience and otherwise, that it is nothing worse than having a tooth pulled, you persuade yourself that there is nothing to it. You are hauled away to the hospital, and then it is too late to back out, and anyway, you don't have anything to say about it. It is unnecessary to describe the process of being drugged and cut upon. Suffice it to say that if you are looking for something "different," you will get it there.

When you come with a swoop out of the pit into which you were plunged by the anaesthetist, and a faint light bursts upon your mind, you make speedy investigations to determine whether you are in this world or the next. Satisfied upon this point, you thank your lucky stars that you are still here, and decide that there wasn't so much to it after all. If appendicitis stopped right here, it would be true, and the scoffers would be right. No, there's not so much to jumping off the Brooklyn bridge until you're in the water.

A surgeon proffered a statement of $1,000 to a patient and the patient kicked, demanding an itemized account. This promptly came:

For operating ..... $ 1.00
For knowing how 999.00

So in appendicitis the account should read,

Operation—nothing to it.
Getting over it—wow!!!

The lightest phase of "waking up" is about as exhilarating as the morning after the celebration of New Year's resolutions. You reek of ether at every pore—tasting ether with a tongue which feels like a freshly painted shingle.

At last your mind becomes fairly clear; but it is simply from the frying pan to the fire. Anybody who insists that Nature is going to sit calmly by, knitting, while an alien force rips through a layer of hide and three or four layers of muscles, and invades a sanctum sanctorum maintained under a strict Monroe Doctrine through ten, twenty, twenty-five years, is irrevocably mistaken. Today the interior of man is no longer sacred and far better known than that of Thibet. But Nature continues to protest.

To cough is hari-kari; to sneeze is perforation by a red-hot poker; to respond to nausea is longitudinal suspension between opposing wild horses.

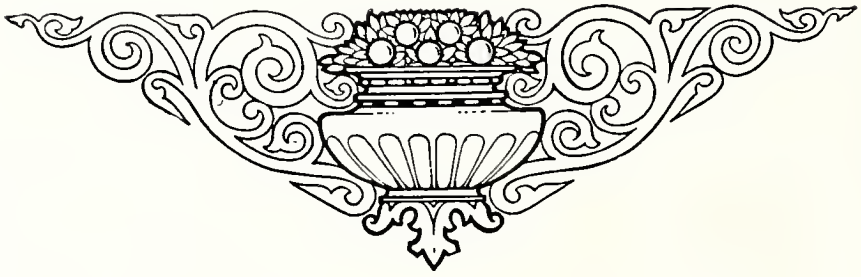
"Try to sleep," implores the nurse. You try, but just as you close your eyes and begin to float away, down below there, inside, some imp darts from covert and

gives the wound a violent twitch. "I wonder what that's for,"—he pipes, "never saw that before." Every time you drift off, that indefatigable scalawag slyly jangles the door bell.

You can't turn over upon your right side, for you have about six inches of dressing there, and that is driven against the wound like a football. You can't turn upon your left side because that hurts the right side. Moreover neither position eases the ache, and you are forbidden to turn anyway. So there you are!

This does not last forever. Some day you find,—(tentatively), that you can blow your nose without tying your solar plexus in a hard knot; and soon thereafter you are emboldened into letting go of that sneeze which you have been holding in leash for days.

Yes, life is becoming sweet once more. And some day, *some day*, pale, wobbly, a cured scoffer, out you may go, full of cautions and thankfulness, and with a preserved appendix, which you will long prize as a relic from the time of your entering upon life anew.



Florida Favorites

MOTTO: Perpetual Youth

SONG: "SuwanneeRibber." FLOWER: Orange Blossom

YELL

Appalachicola—Boca Chica—Eucheeanna—Waccassassee Bar!
Interlachen—Umatella—Okahumpka—Yallaha—Hah!
Anastasia—Thonotassassa—Eau Gallie—Alligator—Gar!
Inverness—Wewahtchka—Tallahassee—Florida—Rah!

Members.	Favorites
Ruth Newell	Kissime
Alma Armstrong	Man-go
Effie Rhodes	The Surf
Lillian NcNiel	Yellow Jasmine
Charles Bennett	Alligator Pears
Blanch Rhodes	Guavas
Miriam Rood	Moonlight on the Manatee
Lischer Fletcher	Wild Dates
Herman McNeil	Tarpon Fishing

Texas Club

MOTTO: Texas in June

SONG

"Foot in the stirrup, hand on the horn,
We're the best cowboys ever *was* born."

YELL

Wild and wooley, wild and wolley,
Bust a broncho, beat a bully.
Hootin', tootin', cuttin', shootin',
We're the bunch that do the rootin',
Zip! Bang! *Texas!*

MEMBERS

Names	Occupation
H. O. Pile	Superintendent
R. A. Tipton	Range Boss
P. E. Boedecker	Wrangler
C. T. Rugel	Chuck Man
J. O. McKenzie	Chief Cook

STATE MOTTO: Imperium in imperio

STATE FLOWER: Scarlet Carnation

Mary Boggs,	Harveysburg.
Margaret Rupert,	Cincinnati.
Inez Monfort,	Magrew.
Edna Zimmerman,	Cincinnati.
Laura Hale,	Marshalville.
Dale Johnson	Upper Sandusky.
John Stephens,	Warren.
Frank Rupert,	Cincinnati.
Charles Needham,	Magrew.
Carroll Stinson,	Kingston.

Illinoians

MOTTO: State Sovereignty and National Union.
FLOWER: Goldenrod.

Mary E. Renich	Urbanite
Elizabeth A. Gordon . .	Robinsonite
Lorraine M. Ellis	Lombardite
Esther E. Bussard	Toledoite
Viola Ratledge	Chicagoite
Ethel Fanson	Assumptionite
Marcia Secor	Carrolltonite

YELL

Ship-a-hoy! Ship-a-hoy!
We're from glorious Illinois!
That's no lie! That's no bluff!
Illinoians! We're the stuff!

Not without thy wondrous story,
Illinois, Illinois,
Can be writ the nation's glory,
Illinois, Illinois;
On the record of the years
Abraham Lincoln's name appears,
Grant and Logan, and our tears,
Illinois, Illinois.

By thy rivers gently flowing,
Illinois, Illinois,
O'er thy prairies verdant growing,
Illinois, Illinois,
Comes an echo o'er the breeze
Rustling thro' the leafy trees
And its mellow tones are these,
Illinois, Illinois.

The Sooners

MOTTO: "Labor omnia vincit."

COLORS: Crimson and White. FLOWER: Mistletoe

YELL

Cherokee! Choctaw!
Seminole! Kiawa!
Osage! Chickasaw!
Sooners! Oklahoma!

E. M. Reeves . . . . . Medicine Man
M. P. Smith . . . . . Da-da-pa-pa-paw
R. M. Rankin . . . . . Squaw man
G. T. Liddell . . . . . In-ter-pat-her
H. W. Threlkeld . . . . . Keeper of Traditions
H. L. Weir . . . . . Chief Sooner
Mrs. M. P. Smith. . . . . Ma-Squaw
Master J. Smith . . . . . Papoose
F. R. Whalin . . . . . Guardian of the Wampum
Miss Lorraine Nicholson . . . . . Little Chief Sooner
Miss Nancy Lee Broady . . . . . Teach-um-how

The Foreign Club

MOTTO: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do."
COLORS: Red, White, Blue, Yellow, Green, Black. FLOWER: For-get-me-not.
SONG: "This is no place for a minister's son."

YELL

Pu-tush! Pu-tush!
Drz hubu!
Kwan-ts! Kwan-ts!
Cala a boca!
Callate la bocca!
Shek kir boo zek!

MEMBERS AND OFFICERS:

President	Helen C. Silsby	Shanghai, China.
Vice President	Ludvik Burian	Martinice, Moravia.
Secretary	Charlotte Landes	Florianopolis, Brazil.
Treasurer	Charles E. Silsby	Shanghai, China.
Editor	Sara Valdes	Havana, Cuba.
Interpreter	Pedro Jose Hernandez	Havana, Cuba.
Business Manager	Anise Atiyeh	Homs, Syria.
Reporter	Isabel Porter	Campinas, Brazil.
Monitor	Charles H. Thomson	Mayagues, Porto Rico.
Slang-Slinger	Jean Porter	Campinas, Brazil.

Alabama Bounders

MOTTO: Get There.

YELL: Goodbye! COLORS: Crimson and White.

ENSIGN: Aubrey Williams. SONG: Grace Groenendyke.

THE BOUNDERS

Annie L. Cross . . . . . President

Frank M. Cross . . . . . Vice President

Henry Pritchett . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer

D. F. Gaston . . . . . Janitor

Anne Crane Albert F. Murray Nell Robinson

Cecil Cross Davy Robinson

Walland Dickey Eunice Dickey

Alabama Special

(Belated Bounders.)

AIM: To catch the others ahead YELL: "Clear the track"

CREW

Rev. J. M. Broady . . . . . Engineer
John Witherspoon . . . . . Porter
All in turn . . . . . Drivers
Robert Cross . . . . . Cowcatcher
Elbow Grease . . . . . Lubricant

The Wild West Club

Motto: "Lasso the Pony Boy."

Color: Khaki and Red Call: "Yodle"

Song: "Pony Boy"

Edna Winfrey . . . . . "Pasty"

Catherine Sugg . . . . . "Patty"

Margaret Sugg . . . . . "Peggy"

Edna Dawson . . . . . "Polly"

Cox's Army

MOTTO: Eats ahead! Forward, march!

COLOR: Tan FLOWER: Wandering Jew

SONG: Tramp, tramp, tramp

Members	Wanderlust Witticisms
Perky	"O, my blister?!"
Bliss	"When d'you-all get so chummy"
Jack	"If so, why?"
Fancy	"Lost in impenetrable forest"
Bob	'Laughed first time I heard that"
Liesk	"Unconscious for one thing"

RECORDS

Cross-country—Ten miles.
Maryville to Louisville and return—Fifteen miles.
N. Knoxville to Maryville—Twenty miles.

Senior Midgets

YELL

Ba, Ba, Be, Be,
Bi, Bo, Bu!
Too whit, too whit,
Too hoo hoo hoo!
Mamma's Darling, Papa's Pet,
Seniors, we, but Migets yet.

MOTTO: "How far the little candle throws its beams."

SONG: "There, Little Girl, Don't Cry."

FLOWER: Buttercup.

Members	Nickname	Weight	Height
Marcia Secor	"Tiny-Mite"	113 lbs.	5 ft. 1 in.
Dale Johnson	"Little Bit"	91 lbs.	5 ft. 1½ in.
Ethel Fanson	"Baby"	111 lbs.	5 ft. 2¼ in.
Helen Silsby	"Little 'un"	95 lbs.	5 ft. 2 in.

FAVORITE SAYINGS

Tiny Mite—"Is it cold up there where you are at?"
Little Bit—"Little, but oh, my!"
Baby—"When I get big."
Little 'un—"Where, oh where has my little doll gone?"

"The Woman Haters"

MOTTO: "Never Moonshine"

FAVORITE DISH: "Chicken" INSIGNIA: "Eats"

FAVORITE DOPE: "Fudge"

Cooke Carson	Manager	"Cooke"
Rea Butler	Treasurer	"Kid"
Sidney Johnston	First Musician	"Sir"
Julian Birdsall	Second Musician	"Judy"
Edgar Birdsall	"Chief Cook"	"Punch"
Guy Hunter	"Janitor"	"Guy"
Hubert Tucker	"Bottle Washer"	"Hub"
Willie McClenaghan	"Critic"	"Billy"

Jefferson County Club

MOTTO: "Don't let your studies interfere with your College education."

Cognomen	Otherwise Called	Occupation
Maude Rankin	"And her name was Maude"	Heart-breaker
A. B. Caldwell	"Fatty"	Peddler
Pauline Legg	"Pally"	Killing Time
L. E. Elmore	"Doc"	Snapper
T. A. Caldwell	"Patsy"	Cook
Porter Lyle	"Runt"	Student
Mary Kate Rankin	"Katy Did"	Sleeping
R. E. Henry	"Pete"	Ox Driver
Blanche Sheddan	"Skyscraper"	Talking
Hugh Sheddan	"Shorty"	Eating
Lucile Lyle	"Lute"	Preserving Dates
Wallace Legg	"Buddy"	Sport

The Night Workers

MOTTO: Duty before Sleep.

COLORS: Shades of Night. FLOWER: Moonflower.

EMBLEM: Nightingale.

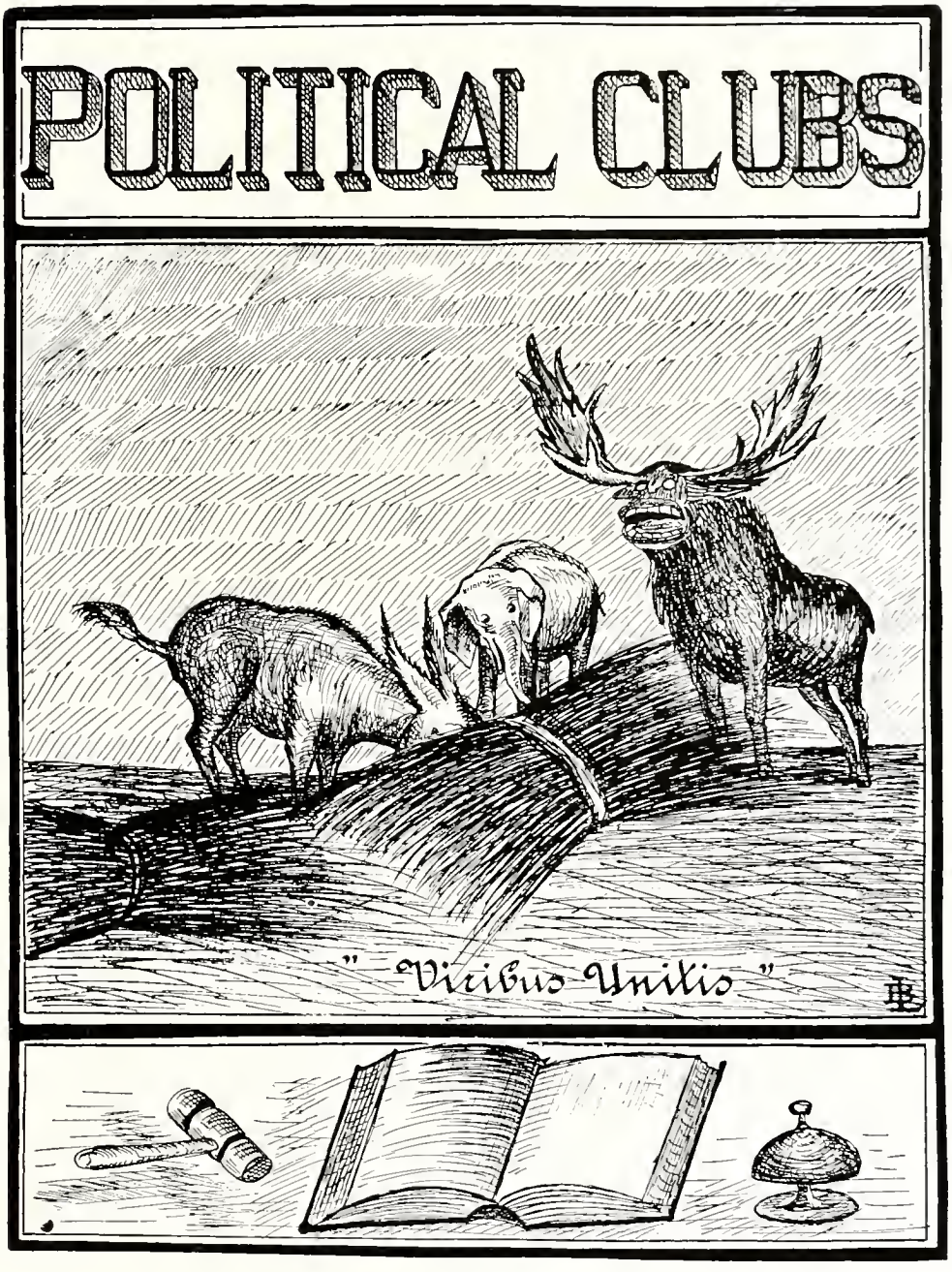
—STARS—

H. B. Park . . . . . General Supervisor
G. O. Robinson . . . . . Chief Painter
R. M. Rankin . . . . . Banner Hanger
D. W. Proffitt . . . . . Guardian of "Whiskers"
R. W. Carver . . . . . Master of Signals
F. F. Hale . . . . . Sentinel

We are the night workers,
For we work every night.
When we start anything,
Its always done right.

If its a banner we hang,
Or walls that we paint,
If we even eat chicken,
We make no complaint.

Its a cinch we've the pluck,
Since our plans never fail.
But its merely by luck.
That we're still out of jail.


POLITICAL CLUBS
"Viribus Unitis"

TAFT

ROOSEVELT

WILSON

SMILES

Jokes

Miss Green: (Writing on board) Sources: "Martin's Human Body."

Miss Rood: "Well, Miss Green, what book is that? I've had everybody in the library hunting for it for the last week and they can't find it anywhere."

Miss Green: "That is your text-book."

Editor Chilhowean: "Please ma'am, may the boys come up tonight? We want to work on the dummy.*

Matron: "Work on a DUMMY!?!?!!!!"

*Foot-note: Genus designated: manuscript dummy of Annual.

Margaret had acted as flower girl at the double wedding and was describing the ceremony at great length. When she had described all the different gowns and flowers, had explained the order of the "procession" and told how all the attendents were ranged about the altar, she stopped. "Well," prompted Mrs. McClenahan, "Was that all? What about the ceremony?"

"O," explained Margaret, "Then Dr. Wilson preached to them but that didn't amount to much."

Dr. Barnes (looking up from roll to eye the class): "All those who are absent to-day, please raise their right hands. Well, well, is no one absent today?"

Little flunks 'neath Waller,
Little fails in Chem,
Make the wretched student
Graduate pro-tem.

"Mother is the necessity of invention," thought poor "Whitie" as he tried to explain his late return of the night before.

The following lines were found in an ancient Caesar belonging to Professor Bassett, written by him while his Latin was still imperfect and his heart yet tender:

O ama, I amo thee,
Et will ever servibo thee,
Qui shinest as the Sol
Ex the altum vallum wall,
Cum the silvas riset sub thee.

Ubi mare's waves volabant
Do the mermaids dominant,
Sed the aqua's maidens grace
Veniet non to thy face;
That a lux as heaven dant.

THE CIRCUS, A LA LITTLE TREE

"All ready!" yelled the Manager and blew his trumpet big,
The hippotamus floated in, a dancin' of a jig,
Pile-driver wuz a drivin' piles, ez big ez seven men;
Cow-ketcher wuz a ketchin' cows to put 'em in a pen,
A lady blew the trombone till it lost its pretty kinks,
An' she that played the Pickle-O'd a made you lose your thinks.

THE FOOL-KILLER'S LOGIC

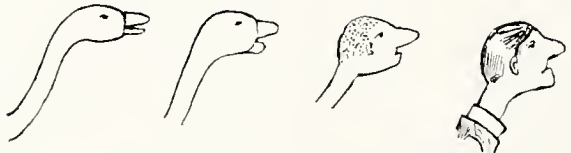
Fool-killer came to Turkey's spread one night,
But said, when Turkey proffered onion-stew,
"I cannot eat. There's no such man as I."
"No such a man! Why how could that be true?"
"If there were such a man as I," quoth he,
"Why then there'd be no such a man as you."

Auctioneer of Forfeits:—
"What shall the owner do to redeem it?"
Prof. Seel, imposer of penalties:—
"Wrestle with Temptation for two minutes."
(Ralph Owens advances toward Miriam with out-stretched arms.)
Prof Seel:—
"Hey, there! I told you to wrestle with temptation."
Ralph:—
"Well, isn't this a temptation?"
Prof Seel:—
"It may be some people's but I don't believe its yours."

Five folks from the foxy fat staff
Once fared on the famed "fitted" calf,
Fourteen hours they consumed
Vainly fretted and fumed
Framing filler for forcing your laugh.

"I don't believe in this nonsense about working hard, and inspiration being nine-tenths perspiration."

"Well I do,—when the perspiration of flunking lies cold on my brow, it inspires me in cramming, I tell you right now."



The Evolution of a Goose

Primer

THE HONOR ROLL.

Lesson I.

See this nice sheet of paper. It is an Honor Roll. You shall read the names. All naughty little girls have their names written here. Nellie came home too late. Lischer sang too loudly. Ruth stayed home from church. Lucy did not wash her hands soon enough. Are they not wicked little girls? Let us eat an apple during study hours. We shall then have our names on the Honor Roll.

THE MATRON.

Lesson II.

See the pretty lady, Lizzie, look Helen. She is writing some letters on the black board. Now she is coming down the hall. She is speaking to us. She says, "Do you not know what day this is? Little girls must not be so noisy. They must be good like the Seniors. They do not speak loudly. Oh, no. They are good little girls." Is she not a funny lady, Ella?

A FEAST.

Lesson III.

Now children what do you see? The happy girls are having a feast in the attic. They are about to cook some eggs. Eggs smell loudly when they are cooking. That is why they came to the attic. Oh! what has happened? It is all dark! How they scream as they run down the stairs! The matron opens the door. My! how frightened they are! Is she playing hide? No, she is playing seek.

THE TRIG LESSON.

Lesson IV.

These two busy girls are studying Trig. Do they like to study? No, they do not like to study. They study so that they will pass. Will they pass? Oh, no! Their teacher does not love them. Why does the teacher not love them? Because they have no brains.

THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Lesson V.

Here comes a tiny Senior girl. She is the Editor-in-chief. Does she like to be that kind of a chief? O yes, she loves it dearly. When you are editor-in-chief you get many, many things. You get to sit up all night; you get a vile temper; you get a new enemy each day. You get everything but your lessons. When you are thru you get left because you are gray-haired and ugly.

(NOTE.—The editor-in-chief did not write this, but she says it is as true as if she had.)

———

THE TIGHTWAD.

Lesson VI.

Who is that at the door? Oh, come right in Kate. Yes we have plenty of water. We shall be glad to let you drink some. We bring it up for those who never get any. What is that? Yes, you shall have all our chocolate. We do not like candy. Our alcohol? Yes indeed, Kate. Do not think of bringing it back. We do not keep it to smell of. Have you been to Uncle Joe's to-day? Did Margaret stand treat? Josephine set you up yesterday, too. And Jessie will get you a Sundae to-morrow. How nice! You are not going home? Yes, take our chafing dish too. Oh, you are welcome. Good-bye Kate. (Door closes) How nice it is to be a tightwad.

———

THE BLUFF.

Lesson VII.

Part I.—Her Teacher.

Ah! this is a hard lesson. I am glad Miss Jones is here. She is a bright girl. She is a Senior. I think she must study all the time. I never see her when she is not listening. How interested she looks just now. It is a pleasure to lecture when she is here. I believe she knows each word I say. I shall ask her this hard question. How very fluently she speaks. She has a good vocabulary. She is polite too. I shall give her a hundred.

Part II.—Her Friends.

There goes Margaret Jones. Did you hear her this morning? Did she not kill a big one? And she had not seen her lesson, dear! How did she manage it? She saw him look at her. She grabbed my book. She read the next paragraph. No wonder she knew it so well. Is she not a good bluff.

———

THE SPORT.

Lesson VIII.

Look Ned, look, Fred, and May. Here comes a stylish lad. His trousers are turned high. They are at the high-water mark. He wears a college hat. His hands are in his pocket. See his flashy tie. See his chewing gum. He likes to do that. How he swaggers! Is he not a sport? Yes, he is a dead-game one.

Our Faculty—An Appreciation

(After Mrs. Alexander.)

There is no task more delightful to the student than that of expressing toward his teachers his true admiration of their characters, and appreciation of their services. We at last have reached the honored position where we may. Therefore the writer would say that he cannot think of Dean Waller, under whose instruction and care he spent the most precious period of his life, without deep emotion and thrills of enthusiasm. And that he speaks not merely for himself, but as representative of the whole class, when he says that we count it the chief blessing of our lives that we received our Chemistry under Professor McClenahan. We doubt if there are any other two instructors who could have given us more knowledge, perspiration, or lower grades. And though this is high praise it is none too high; and the period at which it is expressed removes even the suspicion of flattery, since we have safely past our last day beneath their power.

Then there is that heroic man with the great head and gallant heart. Those who sit at his feet are not only instructed in Latin but are deeply impressed by his striking resemblance to a French chef. This is said not to do him honor but in simple justice.

We take especial pride in saying that the stature of our Registrar is broad and tolerant. He is at once conservative and liberal, and ever seeks with long and eager strides to keep pace with the current age.

How may we do justice to Dr. Lyon, whose method of instruction is the exposition and not the imposition of opinion, the worthy fruit of which is to awaken in us the power of thought. But as we learned to welcome light from every quarter, we also learned to listen to his voice and to obey.

The noblest thing about our Dr. Barnes is not his intelligence and cleverness, but the powerful influence of his singleness of mind. To hear his voice in chapel service or to follow out his digressions in the lecture room is an education to the heart.

But what shall we say of the joy and sweetness of Professor Proffitt, the enthusiasm and inspiration of Professor Brittain, the sedateness and etherial slimness of Professor Seel, the solemnity and simplicity of Professor Walker, and the profundity and reverence of Dr. Bond.—Words fail us,—but as we leave these halls we pray that our beloved professors may long continue to deal justice to the wayward and prod the slow along the pleasant path of knowledge.

WE WANT TO KNOW—

"Does girls cuss?"

Why the sheriff seeks Prof. Seel at 2:30 A. M.

What relation Jim Adams is to Jim Nasium. Inquired by Ensign.

What relation David Brittain is to Great Brittain. Inquired by Margaret McClenahan.

If the firey breath of Jim Gamble will ignite charcoal.

Why two light-headed people after an enlightening lecture are afraid of the dark.

Why historians left it to Laurance Cross to discover that the Spanish Armada was a French Fleet.

Bulletin Board

All descendants of the Jukes family are requested to meet in Dr. Barnes' room to have a picture made.

———

Hereafter, let there be no moon-shining on Saturday morning. This will be strictly enforced.

———

All girls are asked to slam their doors each night just as the lights go out so that the matron will know they are in their rooms.

Thou shalt not wash any furniture in the bath tubs. The matron will not hold her guiltless who washes her furniture there.

———

Girls who entertain on Saturday afternoon are positively forbidden to sit near any cedar tree. Anyone breaking this rule will be severely punished.

———

Will all moon-shiners kindly repair to the cupola of Anderson Hall in order that they may be conveniently apprehended by one matron, since all others are off duty to-day. This is imperative.

———

All girls who were in any way connected with the onion stew in Room 6 last night will please S. M.

———

Will the person who borrowed my tooth brush please return it at once?

———

WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF—

Punch ate mackerel and Judy refrained?
Prof. Brittain flunked a co-ed?
Hat forgot to ask "Why?"
Dr. Bond and Dean Waller exchanged clothes?
Dr. Lyon's forty head of cattle were going the other way?
Jim, alias Funny-feet, should stub the toe of Lengthy just as someone stepped on Snub?
Dr. Barnes should dance a jig in Chapel and then turn a somersault down the steps?
Goldsmith should get up and read his epitaph—

"The man recovered from the bite,
The dog it was that died"?

Hoodoo Geometry

(Genuflections to Mr. Euclid.)

THEOREM XXIII.

Hypothesis: If a dormitory girl hath a dirty face after 6:30 P. M., the washing thereof is equivalent to the square of a crime.

Let M K be any dormitory girl and let *d r t* be face coinciding with M K, and *s o p* be the washing thereof.

To prove: *s o p* × *d r t* = (sin) 2+.

Proof: *d r t* less than *s o p* 612137. For *d r t* was acquired prior to 6:30. And *s o p* was adjusted subsequent to 6:30. But all subsequents to 6:30 coincide with *s i n* 46953.

∴ *d r t* coincides with *s i n*

∴ *d r t* = *s i n* Ax. 14.

Now M K was *any* dormitory girl; so if M. K applies *s o p* to *d r t* subsequent to 6:30, then same proof applies to all dormitory girls. Hence there will be no study hours.

But *d r t* less than *s o p* 612137.

∴ *s o p* greater than *s i n* Ax.4.

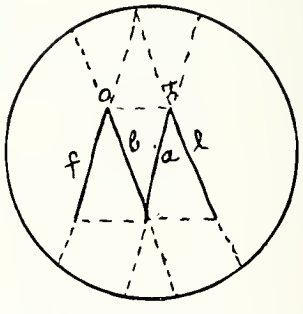
s o p × *d r t* = (*s i n*) 2+.

Q. E. D.

Corollary: A camel can go without water eight days, but who wants to be a camel?

THEOREM MCXLVIII.

Hypothesis:—If two equal parallel lines intersect two other equal parallel lines, forming quadrilateral whose altitude is three inches, the altitude may be increased to twelve inches by circumscribing garnet circle about quadrilateral.



Let *f o t - b a l*, M be quadrilateral formed by two parallel lines intersecting two other parallel lines. Let *h*, altitude of M without circle, be three inches. Now circumscribe garnet circle about *f o t - b a l*, M as center.

To prove: *h* = twelve inches.

Proof: *b* and *l* are equol to each other (Hyp.) and to *h* (Ax.99). In like manner *f* and *a* are equal to each other and to *h*. ∴ *f, b, a, l* are all equal to *h*, which is equal to three inches.

Now produce *f, b, a,* and *l* to meet the circle. Then *f, b, a,* and *l* are all segments of chords of circle, and their sum is equal to V — II. (Because since they had to part company with five plunks or a yellow boy to get their sweaters out of pawn, the Varsities are minus not only pie but also peanuts and Hershey's for a month.)

But V — H is equal to the altitude of any inscribed polygon. And M is inscribed polygon, (Const.)

V — H = *h*, altitude of *f o t - b a l*, M.

(By subst.) *f* + *b* + *a* + *l* = *h*.

But *f*, *b*, *a* and *l* were each proved to be equal to three inches. .: *h* = twelve inches.

Q. E. D.

THEOREM XLIX.

Hypothesis: If one straight (?) professor intercepts another straight (?) Professor with a paper bag, contents unknown, and their alternate interior impulses are to appropriate the bag, the resulting dihedral will be the theft of presidential lemon drops.

Let C H G and F L P be two straight (?) Professors intercepting at *d o r*, and let *s-wi-p* be dihedral resulting from interception.

To prove: *s-wi-p* = S T W—KNDY.

Proof: C H G intercepts F L P at *d o r*, (By hypothesis) But the nose of F L P coincides with *b g*, contents unknown, Ax. 4.

Now suppose *b g* transposed and placed over nose of C. H. G. Then the olfactory diagonals are equal, and C. H. G. winketh at F L P. (Noses with but a single whiff,

Two eyes that wink as one.)

The alternate interior impulses, *h u n* and *g r y* form the dihedral *s-wi-p*. (By construction.)

Hence C H G + F L P = *s-wi-p* + *b g*.

or *s-wi-p* = C H G + F L P—*b g*. (Transposition)

But now observe that S T W is equal to C H G and F L P rolled into one and *b g*, on being opened proves to be lemon drops and so coincides with and is equivalent to KNDY.

.: (By substitution) *s-wi-p* = S T W—KNDY.

Q. E. D.

Hoodoo's Thesaurus

Adams—George: Discussed instead of George Eliot by Nellie Pickens on English examination.

Bluff—Transcendent potency of—. Only permanent acquisition of Freshman year.

Connections—Missed by Messrs Weir and Detty Feb. 2. 10:30 p. m. with their respective fair ones.

Dope—Joke-grinding properties of—, attested by the Under Dogs.

Dummy—Late variety, stuffed with paper—see Editorial Board.

Ensign—Unparalled gallantry—. James 12:20.

Evidences—"The—of Insanity,"—new course offered by Prof. Langston.

Fail—No such word as—.

Feet—Irishman's—made to step upon, but he resarves that privilege for himself. Prof. Bassett's stock joke.

Grades—Hallucinations of teachers in regard to—

"And whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Glasses—Advisability of V. F.'s wearing—. Recommended by the Dean.
Heathen—Religious tract—"A Call to the—." R. Cross.
Insomnia—Antidote for—. Discovered and tested by Reva Newman.
Iconoclast—Necessity for an—in Maryville College. George Harley—.
Jelly—Drawbacks to swiping by means of pockets. See Darwins "Origin of the Species."
Knocks—Hoodoos, authority on—.
Lane Professor—Who is the son of a—? Gipsey.
Moonshine—Symptoms of: flashy ties; e. g. Dean's resplendent lavender.
Not—Trouble me—. Guin.
Ornythoryncus—Pampered house pet—Dr. Lyon.
Pencils—Prof. Bassett in darn need of—. New stenographer.
Punched—Only one of Eddie's tickets.
Questions—Proneness of matrons and proctors to impertinent—.
River—Picnic in woods by— Deplored by Dean.
Serpent—Seed of the woman shall bruise heel of—. Prof Bassett. Some serpent.
Side-shows—Faculty's attempt to subordinate main circus to—.
Transoms—Miriam, death on—.
Trig—Famous treatise on value of—. Now out of print.
Unbreakable—Prof McC's apparatus after he uses it. Same reason as bad eggs.
Unpopularity—Editorial facilities for acquiring—.
Visit—Why was Miss Lester's visit not a—? See ch. I, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."
Wash-bowl—Principal uses and functions of—.
A. note 3. a. Sea-foam.
b. Mixing of Waldorf Salad.
Xantippe Islands—Volcanic eruption in—. The one unfortunate event for which the Chilhowean staff was not responsible.
Year—Most popular humorous literature of the—. Bulletin-board.
Zoological cat—*Physiological paraxysms produced with ever increasing violence at each succeeding demonstration of the oft gazed at—.

*Foot-note:—We know this is long. It is meant to be. "That's the beauty of it."

Afterword

Returning day drives hoodoos from the light,
  Hurls ghosts and goblins headlong into flight;
And thee, forgetful in some shelter'd nook,
  With sleepless eye, finds poring o'er the book
Sent forth by us, its own wild tale to tell,
  In this, our parting word, to bid farewell.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO

Maryville Student Body

IT is announced that the Chilhowean Board is to entertain its subscribers and friends in the rear of the Annual Building, from March 28—.

A rare treat is promised to all guests in the form of a program to be rendered by advertisers representing the leading commercial interests of the South, with some special numbers by advertisers of national repute. The *Maryville Student Body* is to be guest of honor at this feast of good things.

Maryville College

Rev. SAMUEL TYNDALE WILSON, D.D., President

WHAT IT IS. An institution founded by Rev. Isaac Anderson, D.D., that under the direct control of the Synod of Tennessee has rendered ninety-four years of service to the cause of Christian education. Thousands of its former students are scattered over the world. Many of them are engaged in Christian work.

WHAT IT HAS. 1. A teaching and administrative force of 55 professors, instructors, and officers; a student body of 649 young men and young women, 173 of whom come from thirty-seven States and countries other than Tennessee.

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3. **Spiritual Culture.** The first concern of the management of the college is the spiritual needs of the student body. The English Bible is a required study for graduation from all courses. The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. are among the most efficient Christian forces of the College.

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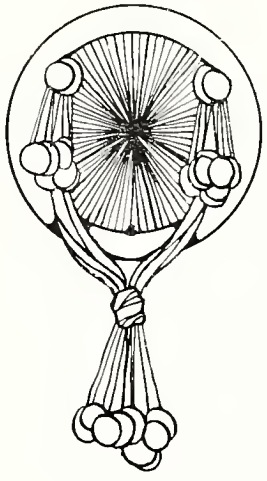

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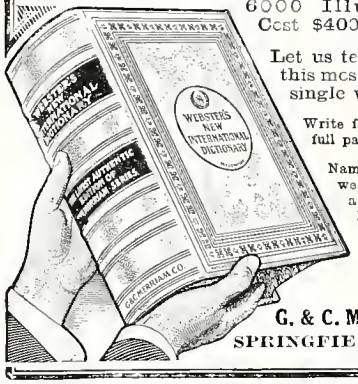

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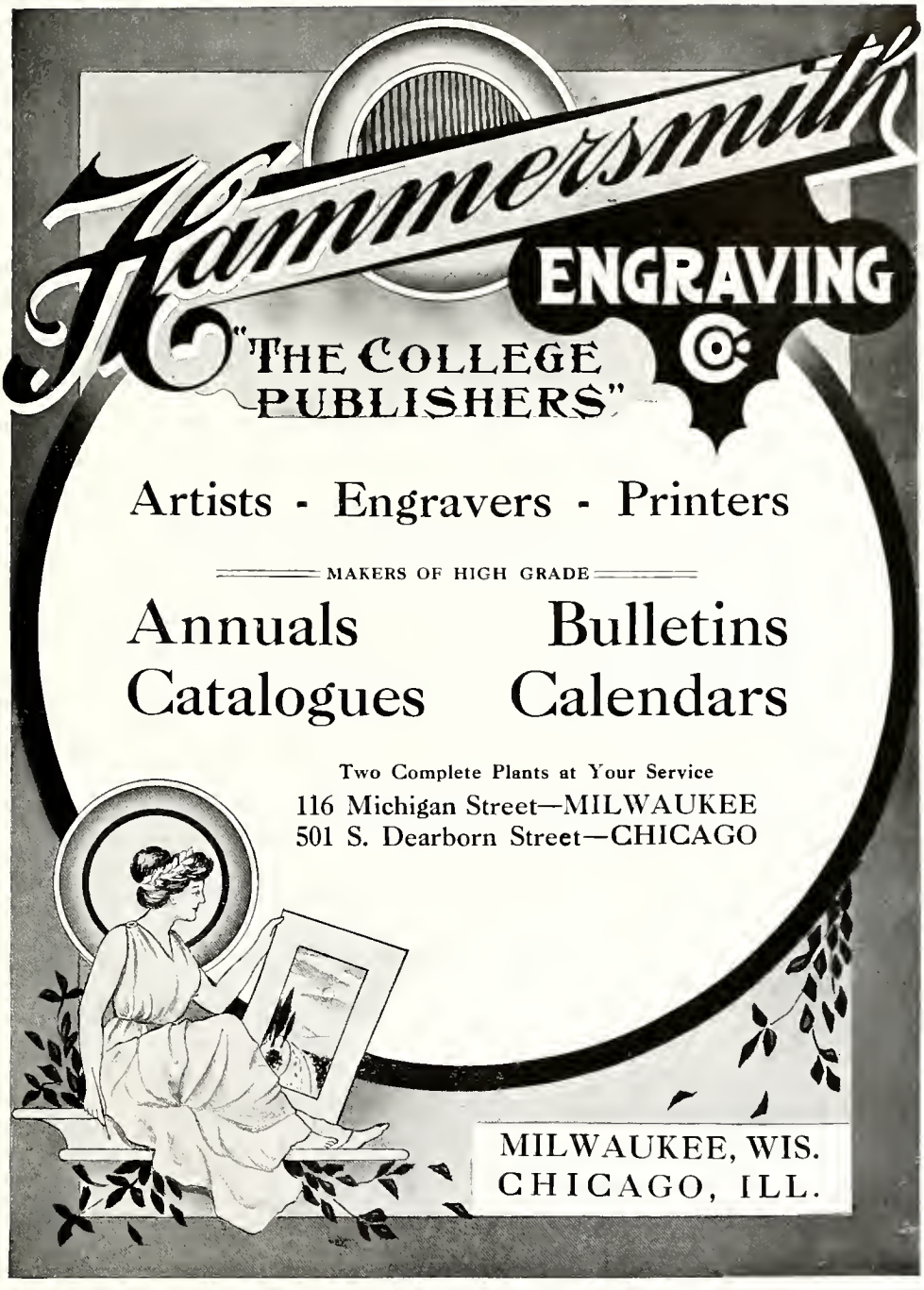
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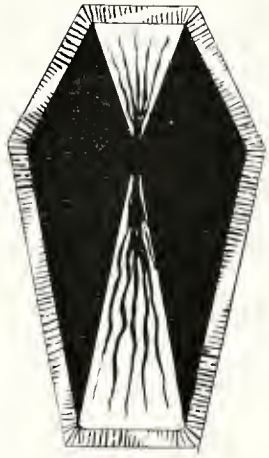

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